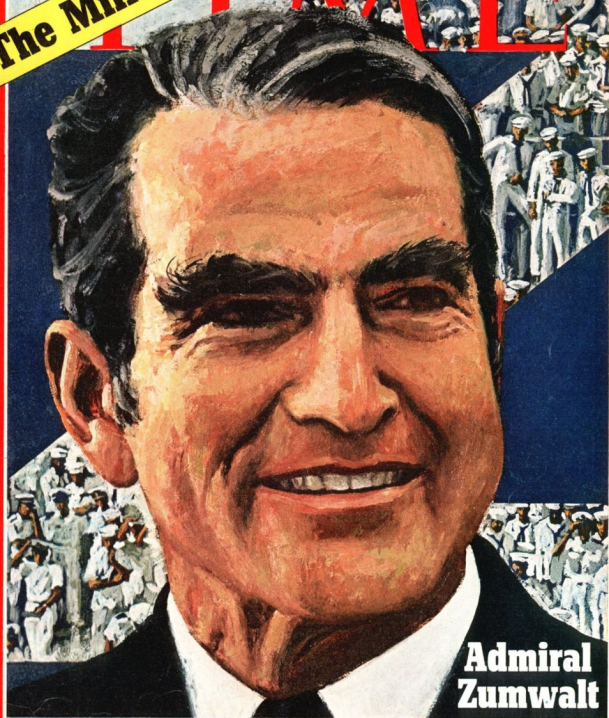


FIFTY CENTS

DECEMBER 21, 1970

**The Military Goes Mod**

**TIME**



**Admiral  
Zumwalt**



The background of the advertisement is a photograph of a man and a woman in an antique shop. The woman, with blonde hair, is wearing a white blouse and a green patterned scarf. The man is wearing a light blue sweater. They are both looking at a large, ornate, multi-colored bowl that the woman is holding. The shop has a rustic feel with wooden walls, a large clock on the right, and various antique items. A sign above them reads "THE SWAN". In the foreground, two packs of Viceroy cigarettes are displayed. One pack is white with a red band and the other is white with a red band. Both packs feature the Viceroy logo, a sunburst design.

They want an authentic  
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little offbeat antique shop  
until they find it.  
Their cigarette? Viceroy.  
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It's a matter of taste.

Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.



# A Christmas Prayer

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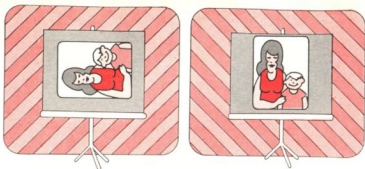
Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding \* that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified \* that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them \* that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses \* that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us \* that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

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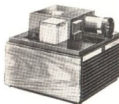
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ALMONDS**



## LETTERS

### Not So Easy

Sir: Thank you for your cover article [Dec. 7] concerning the prisoners of war. After having read it, though, I could not help visualizing a great many of your subscribers scanning the magazine, setting it aside, and forgetting their sympathy for these men within the week. Please do not mistake my tone for that of bitterness. There is no guilt in this act; indeed, I have done it myself many times. In this instance, however, it is not so easy.

I am a young man in the midst of a college education. After all the politics and all the oratory, however, things remain the same. Neither my father's story nor mine can be told fully until either his safety is secured or his death is substantiated. My mother is kept from the man she loves, my younger brothers are denied his guidance. Dad is caught in the middle, and my tears are worthless to all.

JAMES B. STOCKDALE II  
Delaware, Ohio

Sir: Since our heroic attempt to rescue P.O.W.s outside of Hanoi, I have been puzzled concerning the Government's efforts to publicize the failure. It seems to me that the raid was meant to collapse. If North Vietnamese were present at the detention center, any skirmish would have resulted in a deliberate killing of our men. One can suspect that the raid was a desperate political gamble (a sign of diplomatic decay) to rescue a favorable climate for the Administration.

JOSEPH VARRO  
El Paso

Sir: Is there really any means of ensuring the safe return of the American prisoners of war other than setting a firm date for the complete withdrawal of American military forces from Viet Nam?

PHILIP S. SHERMAN  
Galena, Ill.

Sir: What courageous men we have in the Senate, speaking out against our gallant soldiers risking their lives to rescue our precious youth from the camps in North Viet Nam. Kennedy and Fulbright seem to think that volunteering one's life to save another is senseless.

WILLIAM R. EYMAN  
Knox City, Mo.

### The World's Rose Bowl

Sir: I've been reading your article on the American emigrant [Nov. 30] and reminiscing about how I used to spend hours poring over *TIME* in my drab, unheated Sydney room. My interest then was not generated simply by memories of the friends and material comforts I had left behind but also by the feeling that America was "where it was at." America is the world's Rose Bowl, and I'm glad to have been allowed to come back to be a participant.

WILL TURNER  
San Francisco

Sir: Although I am neither an expatriate nor an employee of an American firm, I have lived abroad for nearly two and a half years. I consider myself very much an American, but I don't like being where the "action" is. In creating this action, America has paid a frightfully large price in dehumanization. It is undoubtedly exhilarating to survey the turmoil from the comfort of an air-conditioned office after

having made it, but what about those who get their noses rubbed in "action" every day. We may be the center of things, but I wonder how long we—or the rest of the world—are going to endure it.

DAVID MILLER  
Järvenpää, Finland

Sir: Unfortunately, there is but a minority of people who really care about our country's health. Their cries for reforms are lost in the fights for higher wages and prices spurred on by the apathetic majority and those who now wallow in the muck of affluence. Rather than live in this society of increasing crime, pollution, racial unrest and inflation, they leave the country.

In this case, to run away from one's problems is not the coward's way out, it's the only way out.

DAN BOWEN  
Spring Lake, Mich.

Sir: It is up to Irving Harrison to live anywhere he likes if he and his family are happier there. But does he really think that Spain is a good example of a country that shows compassion toward its poor and lack of repression toward its liberals?

MRS. WILLIAM DIEBOLD  
Upper Nyack, N.Y.

Sir: An equally commendable alternative exists for Americans: reorder your priorities and leave the din of urban existence. I trust that nature will at least tolerate her prodigal son.

ROBERT W. HUTCHESON  
Durham, N.C.

Sir: "If you're not part of the solution, you must be part of the problem!"

RODNEY J. GASCH  
Chilton, Wis.

#### Political Ax

Sir: Talk about revolution! When a man like Walter Hickel gets the political ax [Dec. 7] for being more concerned with principles than politics, it looks to me like the system that is supposed to be working for me is really working against me.

NANCY WAEGEL  
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sir: Walter Hickel for President! Why not? When he came in, many of us thought he was the kind who'd sell the polar bears for fuel oil; but he turned out to be an able, conscientious conservationist.

He has vigor, determination, administrative experience—even an open mind. He looks like no warmed-over hero. And even his line about an arrow through the heart has such a nice, oldtime, country ring that we may be sure he thought of it himself.

He's the nearest thing to an honest man to come to light in a long while, and America had better grab him before he and we become extinct.

(MRS.) LOLITA H. BISSELL  
Nashville

#### Something Missing

Sir: Returning from a week's holiday, I am deeply distressed to find in Time's Environment section [Nov. 30] an article on Communist pollution that draws heavily on the work of Professor Marshall Goldman but fails to give him credit. Professor Goldman, of Wellesley College and the Russian Research Center at Harvard,



## New thinking is... the roar of a rock festival from a little box.



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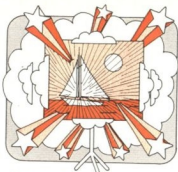
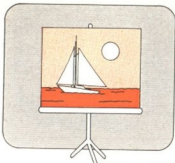
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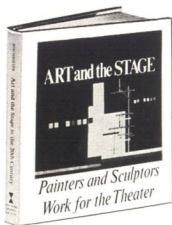
That's right. Special effects and nifty titling cards for your own home movies. Out-a-sight. Add mood with color filters, use a starburst that spins as your camera zooms, get strange line-pattern action. All with 5 lens adapters. The kit for new Bell & Howell cameras may be inexpensive, but results are fantastic.

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is a specialist in the Soviet economy, and has provided many of the details on Russia's environmental pollution included in TIME's piece. To print these facts without mentioning Goldman is to slight one of the most discerning and delightful experts on what is so frequently a gray and murky part of the world.

**RUTH MEHRTENS GALVIN**  
Boston

**The Real Thing**

Sir: In your article on the use of dummy policemen in Japan [Nov. 23], you advocate the use in the United States of dummy patrol cars.

The idea was tried and abandoned in California. Billboard cars were made and spotted around the state. Like signposts, they began to attract bullet holes. Inevitably, it happened: a passing motorist took a pot-shot at what he thought was a dummy and killed a patrolman.

**CHARLES ALCOCK**  
Salinas, Calif.

**Unequivocal Statement**

Sir: My purpose in writing is to bring to your attention serious misstatements of fact regarding the FBI which are contained in the item entitled "Muckraker's Progress" [Oct. 26]. I have specific reference to the false allegation that the FBI paid "Klansmen \$36,500 to persuade Kathy Ainsworth . . . to dynamite the home of a Jewish businessman" and the equally false implication that this Bureau was guilty of entrapment.

I want to state unequivocally that the FBI did not pay any sum of money to any person in connection with the attempted dynamiting in Meridian, Miss.,

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in June 1968, which resulted in the fatal shooting of Mrs. Ainsworth and the arrest of Thomas A. Tarrants III. Nor does the FBI tolerate, condone, or participate in entrapment.

**J. EDGAR HOOVER**  
Director  
Federal Bureau of Investigation  
Washington, D.C.

► TIME did not accuse the FBI of entrapment; it simply reported the account given in a new book by Jack Nelson, a newsman with a high reputation for accuracy.

**Man of the Year**

Sir: President Nixon. It's about time.  
**JOSE LUIS RODRIGUEZ VILLANCAÑAS**  
Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic

Sir: The times call for levity, and Mrs. Mitchell is providing it. She is the flower child in Nixon's defoliated hothouse. Martha for Man of the Year!

**JAMES W. BROWN JR.**  
Mexico City

Sir: The radic-libs. With luck, they may yet prove to be your salvation.

**SIMON WALKER**  
Rondebosch, Cape Town

Sir: You've got your Man of the Year: Robert I. White, president of Kent State University.

(MRS.) **PRISCILLA H. WINGER**  
New Cumberland, Pa.

Sir: Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, the greatest spiritual leader of our time.

**GEORGE F. KLEMPERER**  
Poland Springs, Me.

Sir: This year's choice should be easy: Man as Polluter.

**PETER THORPE**  
Boulder, Colo.

Sir: My vote goes to Senator Edmund Muskie.

**JOHN LOMBARDO**  
Rutherford, N.J.

Sir: Ralph Nader—gentle, incorruptible, relentless and deliciously victorious.

**JOHN BERRYMAN**  
Minneapolis

Sir: We nominate Big Bird.

**JOSEPH, ROBERT, CHARLES**  
and **RUTH DOWLING**  
Providence

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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## THE NATION

### AMERICAN NOTES

#### Comforts of Crisis

The rail strike was only a part of New Yorkers' troubles last week. For out-of-town visitors, for the aged and for expectant mothers in their ninth month, there was the additional labor pain of a taxi strike. It seemed that the complex urban understanding was going through another periodic fit, obeying the logic of a self-destroying machine by Sculptor Jean Tinguely. Titled, perhaps, *Immobility*.

But many of the 800,000 New Yorkers who daily travel by cab were like ex-smokers who find that they can savor food again. Among other things, they rediscovered the unfamiliar art of walking. Those who drove their own cars found that without 12,000 taxis, the streets were almost unnaturally serene and clear. Air pollution seemed to diminish somewhat, along with the noise of horns and the city's general apo-



ACTOR DRAKE AS BEETHOVEN  
*Welcome to mein Birthday.*

plexy. Taxi users welcomed a respite from cabbies' customary harangues. Mainly, there was that remote, subversive inking that occurs only when routine is abruptly broken: "Maybe we don't really have to live like this."

As in the 1965 blackout, civility increased in crisis. Thus natives took the time to direct visitors through the Minoan maze of the subway system. But probably nothing matched the extravagant politesse of Michael H. Thomas, the president of Cartier on Fifth Avenue, who offered his Mercedes 300 limousine as a plutocratic jiny. Said he in a *New York Times* ad: "If the absence of taxi service should keep you from selecting your diamonds at Cartier, I will be happy to send my personal car to bring you to our door."

#### Happy Birthday, Lud

Ludwig van Beethoven's 200th birthday has been celebrated this year with due reverence in much of the musical world. But the city of San Antonio is giving the anniversary song a definite Texas beat. The San Antonio Symphony, trying to raise \$75,000 for its endowment fund, has found Ludwig a profitable gimmick. Recently, guests arriving for a fund-raising coffee were startled to be greeted by a sniling Beethoven who said, "Welcome to *mein* birthday." Actually, it was an actor named Stewart Drake, suited up in Viennese knickers and wig. The delighted guests sang "Happy Birthday, dear Ludwig." Then there is the "Bucks for Beethoven" campaign, in which music lovers purchase specially printed funny money that shows the master flashing the V sign. This week the coda. The symphony fund raisers will have Drake-Beethoven auction off several bottles of liquor. The folks will be bidding for—what else?—"Beethoven's Fifth."

#### Gilligan's Army

Are Americans really serious about wanting to improve their country? Ohio's Governor-elect John Gilligan has an idea to test their resolve. Last week on the campus of Kent State University, that monument to how wrong the nation's life can become, Gilligan announced that he will form a state volunteer corps, enlisting Ohio's 700,000 college students, to help part-time to clean up polluted streams, care for the sick, work with police and otherwise abandon their privacy to coax some improvement in their communities.

The notion will strike many as naive tokenism, smacking of barn raisers, do-gooders and Rotarians. But Gilligan's idea suggests a revival of that old American virtue, enlightened self-interest.

#### Spelling the Christians

Milwaukee Bartender John Volpe Jr.\* has not had a Christmas Eve off duty since 1956. This year he will spend the evening with his family. Taking over for him behind the bar will be a salesman named Albert Rosen.

Rosen, a Jew, had placed an ad in local newspapers offering to fill in for a Christian who wished to spend Christmas Eve at home. Although Christmas is increasingly a nondenominational festival (see *Essay*, page 33), other Milwaukee Jews joined in the holiday spirit when they learned of Rosen's ges-

\* No kin to the Secretary of Transportation.



"DUE TO TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES  
THIS WAR MAY GO ON FOREVER"

ture. Some 300 members of Congregation Emanu-El B'nei Jeshurun volunteered to take over jobs with which they were reasonably familiar so that Christians could have the evening off.

#### The Pledge Re-examined

Many children raised in religious families learn prayers so totally by rote that sometimes, even in middle age, they find the words still crossing their minds *en bloc*, a memory that bypasses understanding on the way to the tongue. So it is with certain secular incantations, including the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. Some of the young are beginning to examine its wording; one phrase has troubled them. Recently, the senior class president of the Eastchester, N.Y., Senior High School, along with other students and the school's principal, organized a petition campaign to have the formula changed to read "one nation under God, indivisible, seeking liberty and justice for all."

#### Comrade Camera

When Ronald Kley, a research associate for the Maine State Museum in Augusta, wanted a satellite photograph of the state for a museum exhibit, he naturally got in touch with NASA. No luck there, nor with the Weather Bureau or the Air Force. The angles of orbiting U.S. satellites are such that their cameras distort details north of Chesapeake Bay.

On a whim, Kley then wrote to the Soviet embassy in Washington, which put him in touch with the Soviet Academy of Sciences. Certainly, said the Russians. They offered a good clear satellite shot not just of Maine but of the entire coast from Long Island to Newfoundland. The Soviets' candid space cameras are obviously positioned to snap perfect views of the parts of the world that interest them most. If Kley had asked the U.S. agencies for an aerial picture of Uzbekistan, they probably could have obliged.

# Climbing Out of the Trough

**R**ICHARD NIXON at mid-term is a President whose capital has been beset by malaise and doubt from the shrill, divisive closing days of the election campaign to last week's brief but defiant railroad strike. Even loyal White House men speak of a "trough." Unemployment has climbed to 5.8% and inflation continues unchecked. A major national undertaking that has Nixon's backing—development of a supersonic transport plane—is in danger of being abandoned. Former Interior Secretary Walter Hickel, pink slip in hand, goes on television to attack the Republican posture in the election: "I think the American people want hope." A national poll shows Nixon severely slipping. Even the national Christmas tree is twice derailed on its train ride from the forest, and finally topples in Washington's winds.

The President needs a comeback to dispel an accumulation of woes that some are already describing as a "crisis of confidence" in his leadership. This is not the view at the White House. Instead, as one aide puts it, "there is a sense of changing gears; there is a considerable mood of turning." Is the President, after his private reading of the election returns, preparing to turn in a more liberal direction? Said one: "We think our domestic program is moderate already."

Yet there are signs that, as he looks forward to 1972, the President will hew to the idea that what is good for national reconciliation will be good for his re-election. He has already begun the realignment of the men who can make his presidency or break it.

► Donald Rumsfeld, director of his embattled Office of Economic Opportunity, will become a White House Counsellor. The OEO job will be taken over by one of Rumsfeld's deputies, Frank Carlucci, who was in the State Department before joining the OEO.

► Bryce Harlow is leaving the White House staff to return to private industry. He served as the President's liaison man with Congress, a sometimes thankless job in which his quick, self-deprecating wit served him well, but not well enough to ward off the criticism of some Congressmen who felt that they were being shut off from the White House. Harlow turned down an offer from Nixon to head the Republican National Committee.

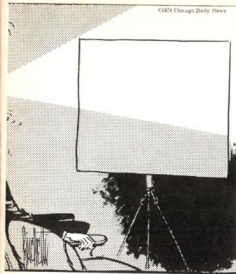
► George Bush, a Nixon favorite who lost a Senate race in Texas, will join the Administration as U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations. The new U.S. spokesman, who compiled a conservative-to-moderate record in the House of Representatives, has no record at all in diplomatic affairs. In the House, he generally supported the President's Viet Nam policy.

More important, the President and his men are putting together a progressive legislative package that they hope will permit them to revive a motto from the Administration's early days—"Watch what we do, not what we say." Its major elements:

**REVENUE SHARING.** Nixon told six Governors last week that the placing of larger shares of federal tax revenues in the hands of Governors and mayors will be "the centerpiece" of his program. The White House staff is already working on a repackaging of old and new programs to make it as attractive to Congress as it will be to the states and cities.

**WELFARE REFORM.** The White House is determined to renew the fight for Nixon's basic and far-reaching proposal to provide minimum incomes for the poor. At week's end it appeared to be hopelessly mired in the parliamentary maneuvering of a Congress confronting too many major issues and an inexorable calendar. Nixon has vowed to take personal charge of the fight for it next year, even if there is "blood all over the floor" when the battle is over.

**HEALTH INSURANCE.** The comeback Nixon needs could well begin in February, when he is expected to make public major new proposals for a health insurance program. The Democrats have already made clear that they view health care as a major political battlefield over the next two years; White House and HEW aides are now molding the proposals with which Nixon will arm himself. One key element of the program will be a family health insurance plan, intended to supplant much of the coverage now given low-income families under Medicaid. The Nixon plan will probably extend the coverage to lower-middle-income families; how far it will go beyond that is now a matter of Administration debate. Another likely aspect of the Nixon proposals—matching the intent, if not the scope, of Democratic plans—is an insur-



"WITHDRAWAL"



"LOW PROFILE?"

ance scheme to cover the cost of "catastrophic" illness.

It is a substantial beginning toward a reversal of Administration fortunes. Yet one of Washington's highest officials, and one of its most politically astute, concedes that 1972 will bring deep trouble for Nixon unless he can deliver on the big issues of war and economy.

**Probably Indiscreet.** Those twin troubles were on public display last week when Nixon held his first press conference in over four months, and only the twelfth since he took office. Although he has succeeded in reducing American casualty rates in Viet Nam, he has felt it necessary to take a newly belligerent stance on the war (see following story). Questioned about the economy, he appeared to be claiming victory in the face of obvious setbacks. Where his economists had long spoken of a 4% unemployment rate as an acceptable target, he pointed to a figure close to 5% as reasonable under present circumstances. That 1% difference represents about 800,000 unemployed.

The war and the economy are the two big issues, but Nixon tried to stem the beginning of a third—his own and his Administration's credibility—by revising his earlier pronouncements on the election. Though he had just characterized the results as an ideological victory, Nixon passed up an opportunity to repeat that claim before a roomful of openly disbelieving newsmen. Instead, he described his campaigning as a normal presidential responsibility and stressed his desire to work in harmony with the incoming Congress. With a well-known lack of contentiousness, the Pres-

ident frankly conceded that as a lawyer, he had probably made indiscreet remarks assuming the guilt of two prominent criminal defendants, Charles Manson and Angela Davis. "I think sometimes we lawyers, even like doctors who try to prescribe for themselves, may make mistakes," he said.

The President admitted that while "divisions in this country are never going to end," progress toward muting those differences has been "not as much as I would like." He moved to patch up relations with dissident Republican liberals by assuring them that they are "welcome" in the G.O.P.—and that he will not repeat his 1970 purge of such anti-Administration Republicans as New York's Senator Charles Goodell. Already he is beginning to do a bit better with Congress: the Senate sustained his veto of a bill limiting television campaign spending, and last week a House-Senate conference restored most of the SST development funds that the Senate had earlier cut.

The President pleaded for renewed life for the SST, because abandoning it would mean that the U.S., "which has been first in the world in commercial aviation from the time of the Wright brothers, decides not just to be second, but not even to show." Whatever the specific merits of the SST, given the present mood of malaise—and the President's own stated priorities—it seemed more urgent for the nation to worry about being first in the vitality of the cities, in standards of education, in fighting pollution, in aiding the poor, in race relations—first in all the qualities of national life.

## Understanding Understandings

Tough and defiant, President Nixon last week publicly decoded his recent signals to Hanoi: at any moment he chooses, with any frequency he deems necessary, he would order the bombers to fly again. First he pointed out, as he has in the past, that as American ground troops are gradually withdrawn from South Viet Nam, he will carry out his responsibility to protect those that remain from attack. Then he continued: "Now, if as a result of my conclusion that the North Vietnamese by their infiltration threaten our remaining forces—if they thereby develop a capacity and proceed possibly to use that capacity to increase the level of fighting in South Viet Nam—then I will order the bombing of military sites in North Viet Nam, the passes that lead from North Viet Nam into South Viet Nam, the military complexes and the military supply lines. . . . I trust that this is not necessary, but let there be no misunderstanding."

**Russian Trucks.** The President once again based his position on "understandings" with the North Vietnamese dating back to November 1968. At that time the U.S. let it be known that in return for the bombing halt ordered by Lyndon Johnson, it expected the North Vietnamese to refrain from attacking across the Demilitarized Zone and stop rocketing South Vietnamese cities; the U.S. also intended to continue intelligence flights over the North. The North Vietnamese never formally agreed to the understandings. Instead, word came from Moscow that Hanoi

## Novice Newsman In the East Room

**I**SUPPOSE it took a fair amount of hypocrisy to ask this man's press secretary for permission to attend a presidential press conference," admitted Robert Gordon, who does not approve of Richard Nixon. Nevertheless, several months ago, in his capacity as a feature writer for his high school newspaper in Newton, Mass., Gordon, 16, wrote a letter to Ronald Ziegler, because "I couldn't sleep and there was nothing else to do." Gordon, son of a real estate executive, was surprised by the result: an invitation to join a number of other high school and college journalists at last week's televised news conference. Their presence was announced in advance by the White House as evidence of presidential efforts to establish links with the young. Even before he left for Washington, Gordon says, "the relentless Boston press" descended on him for interviews.

Contrary to his expectations, Gordon reported that he found the proceedings a letdown. He judged the East Room of the White House "majestic beyond the realm of good taste." He had anticipated being dazzled by the nearness to power, but when the President was introduced "I stared hard at him and was surprised at my indifference. He ar-



ROBERT GORDON

diated no emotion, no character, and looked just the way I'd always imagined him."

Gordon was scarcely impartial; at a mere 14 he had worked for Eugene McCarthy's campaign. As a fledgling reporter, though, he came prepared with a straight question: "Mr. President, during the campaign of '68, you stated that you would bring the people together. In terms of American youth, do you have any specific plans for fulfilling this promise?" Gordon had been informed in advance that he was to act only as an observer, but he was determined to ask his question anyway. As it happened, it was covered by Robert Semple of the New York Times, "so I settled down to rephrase my question. Unfortunately I kept lapsing into daydreams, the East Room of the White House being very conducive to that sort of thing." After the conference, "I was im-

mediately rushed by a horde of reporters asking questions about my presence at the White House. Realizing that as soon as I left, they would not have old Bobby to kick around any more, I took off."

Later, he said, "walking down the lonely streets of Washington, I felt more awe than anything else. I had viewed the struggle between President and press—the huge behind-the-scenes machine that tells the people who their President is. It is a game of psychological wit and personal charm, with stakes as high as they can be."





UNION CHIEF C.L. DENNIS



IDLED DIESELS & FREIGHT CARS AT YARDS OUTSIDE CHICAGO

## The Day the Trains Stopped

grasped the American position. By and large, the North Vietnamese have stuck to the unacknowledged agreement since, except for occasional attacks on U.S. intelligence flights. Now the President has unilaterally and considerably widened the understandings. Lately Hanoi has increased infiltration, and an estimated 8,000 Russian-made military trucks now are parked just north of the Demilitarized Zone. The President did not say that Hanoi would actually have to use its growing forces before the bombing began; merely assembling them could be enough to call down a U.S. attack if American troops are threatened.

**P.O.W. Offer.** Viet Nam is not the only place where the elastic nature of unwritten diplomatic "understandings" has been demonstrated. Washington and Moscow reached such an understanding over Cuba after the 1962 missile crisis; no more nuclear weapons in Cuba, no U.S. invasion of the island (see THE WORLD). The flexible nature of the agreement was apparent at the Nixon press conference when he said that a Russian submarine base at Cienfuegos, where nuclear subs presumably could be serviced, does not constitute a threat to the U.S. One of the shorter-lived understandings led to the Middle East cease-fire in August. With Washington and Moscow in the immediate background, Egypt and Israel stopped shooting and agreed not to increase their forces along the Suez. Egypt immediately started moving SAM missiles in, the Russians denied a violation, and the "understanding" was a bad memory.

Nixon's brusqueness with Hanoi did not stop with his carefully worded statement on bombing. He flatly rejected the idea of unilaterally extending a Christmas cease-fire in Viet Nam through Tet, arguing that to do so would endanger U.S. troops. He branded North Viet Nam an "international outlaw" for its treatment of American prisoners and its failure to accept an offer, made last week by Ambassador David K.E. Bruce in Paris, to exchange approximately 800 American and South Vietnamese P.O.W.s for ten times that number of North Vietnamese.

**A**FTER flashing warning signals for more than a year, four unions representing 80% of the railroads' work force stalked off their jobs last week in a nationwide strike that raised an awesome specter. If the strike dragged on, the nation would face grave paralysis of its heavy-duty transportation lifelines. Fears grew that fresh fruits and vegetables, substantial amounts of which are shipped by rail, along with meat, milk, eggs and other perishables, would become increasingly scarce on store shelves. The halting of coal shipments brought concern about mine shutdowns and power failures. In Detroit, automakers worried that they might have to curtail production severely if denied rail service for more than a week.

Luckily, this time the strike was short-lived. The 425,000 workers stayed out for 18 anxious hours in defiance of presidential appeals to return and belated congressional legislation barring a strike until March. To soften labor's resistance, Congress also took an extraordinary step: it ordered an immediate 13½% wage increase, part of it retroactive to last January, but let the unions' archaic work rules stand unchallenged. Still unsatisfied, the chief labor spokesman, Charles Leslie Dennis, president of the Brotherhood of Railway and Airline Clerks, called off the walkout only after a federal court ordered his union to pay \$200,000 for every day it struck beyond the first 24 hours.

**Bowing to Threats.** In all, the strike was a forceful reminder that the nation is still heavily dependent on railroads. There was also the lingering fear that it could all happen again. As the walkout proved, even a brief suspension of service has an impact. Hundreds of thousands of commuters, for example, were forced to improvise means of getting to work and back. The post office, struggling through the Christmas rush, had to embargo all second, third and fourth class mail traveling more than 300 miles.

Though the stoppage had been coming for months, President Nixon waited until less than two days before the dead-

line to take the only official action left open to him: he placed the problem before Congress, which was racing to wrap up last-minute business before adjourning. To the Democrats, the President's request for a simple 45-day no-strike law smacked too much of management bias. They immediately set about weighting the measure in favor of labor. "If we take away the right of these men to strike . . . we at least ought to give them the cost of living pay raise," argued West Virginia Representative Harley Staggers. That Congress seemed to be bowing to the bullying strike threats of Dennis and others worried some legislators. "If we do this," cautioned Senator Gordon Allott, a Colorado Republican, "we are going to be settling wage disputes in every industry in this country that is of sufficient size to have an influence on the national economy."

**Pajama Game.** Within 36 hours of Nixon's request, both houses had zipped through measures containing wage boosts. But even as the legislators hurriedly held a hectic House-Senate conference on Capitol Hill to patch up differences in the bills passed by each house, early-bird pickets were appearing only a few blocks away at Washington's Union Station. The final House vote interrupted an impassioned if irrelevant time-filling defense of FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover by Lawrence Hogan, a Maryland Republican. The act was not signed by the President until two hours after the 12:01 a.m. Thursday deadline. Later, in nearby Chevy Chase, Md., U.S. District Court Judge John H. Pratt was rousted out of bed; still in his pajamas, he signed a no-strike injunction.

Far from resolving the dispute, the stopgap law merely requires that the railroads and unions keep bargaining until March 1 if necessary; at which point another strike can be called. The prime issue is money. The workers, who now average between \$3.45 and \$3.60 an hour, are demanding pay increases of between 40% and 45% over three years. The railroads have reluctantly offered to hike wages by an average of 37%, fol-

lowing the recommendation of a presidential emergency board. In return, the lines want an increase in productivity and an end to such wasteful featherbedding practices as changing train crews every 100 miles and paying crewmen extra money for operating a walkie-talkie. Many of these work rules compel the ailing lines to carry thousands of unneeded workers at an annual cost of hundreds of millions of dollars.

**Burning C.L.** Despite the almost constant friction between the carriers and their unions, only two other nationwide rail strikes have been called in this century—in 1946 and 1967. Neither lasted more than two days. The disputes leading to last week's strike go back 15 months, when the unions first made their demands. The National Mediation Board intervened, but gave up after eight months of fruitfully trying to untangle the issues. Following a court order that forestalled a strike against three carriers last September, President Nixon appointed an emergency board to make recommendations for resolving the dispute. The board's report, issued Nov. 9, set the clock ticking on the Railway Labor Act's mandatory 30-day cooling-off period that ended last week. Having exhausted all the possibilities of existing law, the President had no choice but to ask Congress for new legislation to head off a full-fledged strike.

Last week's strike stems in part from the discontent that now seems to pervade much of labor. In addition, union chiefs feel that they must take inflexible stands to impress the rank and file. Dennis, or "C.L.," as he is known to union brothers, is up for re-election next year and desperately needs to make a strong showing. He has been pressed by a competing union: the more vigorous Teamsters have been successfully raiding the clerks' membership. So disastrous were the results of a recent strike against Northwest Airlines that some clerks burned C.L. in effigy.

No one came out of the dispute with high marks. The Administration's threat to bring in troops might have reassured the public, but it was regarded as bluster by union leaders who rightly doubt the Army's ability to run the railroads effectively. In legislating a wage settlement, Congress unfairly undercut the bargaining position of the railroads. That precedent may well return to plague it—if, for example, a steel strike materializes next year.

The walkout also brought into sharp relief the flaws in the Railway Labor Act. The Administration has already asked for legislation that would enable the President to delay a rail strike, require partial operations of lines he deems essential, and impose a settlement subject to congressional veto. Up to now the White House has not pressed the matter; Congress has totally ignored it. After last week's fiasco, the enactment of some such measure should have a high priority when the new Congress meets next year.

## TRIALS

### Lieut. Calley at Bay

It was a specially poignant moment in the already emotion-charged trial of Lieut. William L. Calley Jr. For most of an afternoon and the following morning, Thomas Turner, the prosecution's 34th and next to last witness, had described in measured tones how Calley had directed and participated in the slaughter of scores of women, children and old men. Turner was a fire-team leader in Calley's platoon at My Lai. His testimony had been the most damaging thus far, methodically lacing together the events described by earlier witnesses. But as he left the stand, Turner approached Calley and placed a hand on his shoulder in a gesture of encouragement. Then he whispered, in a barely audible voice, something like "Good luck" or "Hang tough" and left the room.

Calley appeared very much in need of luck as Prosecutor Aubrey Daniel rested his case last week in the military courtroom at Fort Benning, Ga. He had constructed his case well; but with the appearance of Turner and two other former Calley platoon members, Charles Sledge and James J. Dursi, it became obvious that Daniel, in the best tradition of courtroom dramatics, had saved some of the most graphic testimony to wind up his presentation.

**Falling and Screaming.** Sledge, 23, Calley's radio-telephone operator and now a salesman of ladies' luggage, was the first to testify last week. His tale was one of continuing horror. He recalled coming upon a group of 30 or 40 Vietnamese civilians gathered at an intersection and under guard by former Pfc. Paul Meadlo. (Meadlo has so far refused to testify at the trial, claiming the constitutional privilege against self-incrimination.) According to Sledge, Calley went up to Meadlo and ordered him to "waste 'em, and Meadlo started shooting into the people—about ten feet away." Next, "someone hollered that Sergeant [David] Mitchell had some people at a ditch outside the village. Lieut. Calley walked up to Sergeant Mitchell. They started talking. They started shoving people into the ditch. Then they started firing at the people in the ditch. The people started falling and screaming."

Sledge's testimony also accounted for the two specific deaths charged to Calley in the overall indictment. Calley is charged with killing no fewer than 30 people along the trail, no fewer than 70 people in the ditch, plus an old man and a young child. Sledge testified that he and Calley came upon a monk dressed in white robes at the end of a ditch. Calley started interrogating the monk, "then he hit him with the butt of his rifle in the mouth. . . . He [the monk] was sort of like pleading. He was about 40 to 50 years old. Lieut. Calley put his rifle at point blank and pulled the trigger in his face. His head

was just blown away." Soon afterward, Sledge heard someone hollering that "there was a child running toward the village. Lieut. Calley grabbed it by the arm, threw it into the ditch and fired." Sledge was not sure whether the child was a boy or a girl, "but maybe it was one or two years old."

**Continual Firing.** The testimony of Thomas Turner, 24, now a student at the University of Nebraska, did nothing to diminish the stark picture drawn by Sledge. From a position some 75 yds. from the drainage ditch, he was witness to much of the killing there. His testimony clarifies some of the discrepancies between earlier versions of what took place. He, too, swore that both Calley and Meadlo had fired at groups of civilians. "Continually," he said, "small



LIEUT. CALLEY LEAVING COURT  
One remaining question.

groups of people were brought up, and they would be put into the ditch and fired upon by Lieut. Calley."

Then the prosecution's last witness took the stand. He was James Dursi, 23, a rifleman in Calley's platoon, who recently applied for a job as a New York City cop. He reinforced the testimony of both Sledge and Turner, then added a weird example of the kind of transformation that men in combat can undergo. At one point, Dursi related, having rounded up a group of civilians, "Meadlo had them sitting on a dike [near the trail]. He was playing with the kids, giving them C-rations and candy like we always did." Calley arrived and asked Meadlo, "Why haven't you wasted them?" As Dursi moved away, he heard automatic gunfire coming from Meadlo's area. Dursi also testified to witnessing Calley and Meadlo firing into a different group at the ditch.

Against such damning testimony, Defense Attorney George Latimer faces an uphill battle. But as he opened his defense late last week, he appeared to be arguing on a level different from that of the prosecution. In his opening speech,

Latimer pointed out that Calley's platoon was inadequately trained and instructed, that the men were bent on avenging the buddies they had buried the afternoon before, and that although "higher commanders were in the area . . . not until after lunch were there any orders to cease firing." His choice of initial witnesses seemed designed to bear out these contentions.

Latimer has not denied that Calley killed some Vietnamese at My Lai. It is not likely he will do so. Instead, he is offering circumstantial evidence that he hopes will appeal to the military tribunal. Calley will eventually take the stand on his own behalf as well. Perhaps he will answer the one remaining question about My Lai: Why did it happen?



CHARLES SLEDGE



THOMAS TURNER



JAMES J. DURSI

## THE ADMINISTRATION State Looks at Itself

To Senator Joseph McCarthy, the diplomatic corps was infested with Communists who should be hounded out of public life; to John F. Kennedy, the Department of State was a "bowl of jelly." To the American public and to Congress, State has often been an object of scorn, the refuge of striped-pants snobs devoted to balancing teacups. Last week the department looked at itself and concurred with many of the less shrill opinions of its longtime critics. It was a self-examination as candid as has ever emerged from the federal bureaucracy.

"Diplomacy for the '70s," a 610-page report compiled by 13 task forces drawn from all levels of the department's bureaucracy, charged the Foreign Service with timidity, inflexibility and lack of creativity. Most of the department's time, said the study, has been "devoted to applying the principles of the late forties in an increasingly rigid way to international conditions that were constantly changing." The authors were equally forthright in assigning causes: "The intellectual atrophy of the department was a compound of presidential dissatisfaction, political reaction, departmental conservatism, bureaucratic proliferation."

**Failure of Nerve.** As an antidote, the report suggested the cultivation of specialists and men trained in the management of people, paper and budgets. In this respect, the report is a decade-later application of Robert McNamara's Whiz Kids techniques to the nation's oldest executive agency. In the past, the Foreign Service has prided itself on producing diplomat-generalists, but the complexity of foreign relations in recent years has shown the need for developing diplomats with more concentrated skills in technical areas.

The most significant of the suggested reforms, which numbered more than 500, dealt with the development of creativity and dissenting viewpoints within the department. Quite simply, the report asked that innovation be viewed as the norm rather than the exception, proposing the creation of adversary procedures that would routinely challenge policy shibboleths. It coupled this recommendation with a suggestion urging voluntary retirement after 20 years' service—regardless of age—thus opening up the ranks to younger officers presently stymied by the overinflated bureaucracy.

For State, which experienced its greatest growth during the first ten years after World War II, the recommendations may have come too late. Policy-making power has shifted gradually from Foggy Bottom to the White House staff and the Pentagon. The shift resulted partly from a failure of nerve by State Department officials who, in their reports, avoid or at least bury any daring suggestions that might get them in trou-

ble; and partly from the overwhelming growth of bureaucracy, which made the department hopelessly unwieldy as a presidential tool. Even if the bureaucracy were streamlined and creative thinkers were to flower, State would still need a Secretary respected by the White House and the department. Perhaps the last Secretary of State to provide such leadership was Dean Acheson—a man with the rare combination of a strong personality and articulate views who nonetheless knew how to use his staff profitably. John Foster Dulles was a strong figure in the Eisenhower Administration—despite, not because of the ponderous decision-making machinery at State. Dulles, the report said, agreed to become Secretary of State only if he did not have to administer the bureaucracy he found there and, according to State's self-critics, "scarcely used the department at all." Dean Rusk, while he had "an informed interest in measures that would stimulate the departmental machinery to produce new ideas, did not welcome dissent on the Viet Nam issue."

The report did not discuss White House-State Department relationships under President Nixon. But Nixon's conviction that foreign policy is his forte and the strong influence of Henry Kissinger, the President's national security adviser, are unlikely to improve State's standing in the Washington power hierarchy. When President Nixon was preparing his State of the World address last February, State's contribution was 500 pages of diffuse, carefully hedged suggestions that had to be reworked by White House staffers in favor of a more forthright, decisive declaration.

**Dedicated Masochists.** TIME Correspondent William Mader, who has observed American diplomats in Washington and overseas, sums up: "In a sense, to be an American diplomat, one has to be a dedicated masochist. The department has more than its fair share of truly able, even brilliant people. But in far too many instances, recommendations of the best experts never reach the Secretary of State. What constantly amazes me is that so many genuinely talented people are still willing to struggle against these massive impediments."

There is considerable doubt that the latest report will have any better results than similar if less probing studies in the past. Bureaucracies tend to perpetuate themselves and are rarely amenable to drastic change, even from within. Asked one career diplomat: "Have you ever seen a bureaucracy cutting itself to the roots?" One high State Department official was even more frank about the reasons for surgery: "That we published 'Diplomacy for the '70s,' a tome of 610 pages, proves that we have too many people looking for something to do." Whatever creative momentum can be built must start within the department walls; a skeptical Congress and disenchanting Presidents will need proof before they believe.





NAVY WAVE ADDRESSES ADMIRAL ZUMWALT IN SESSION AT PEARL HARBOR

## Humanizing the U.S. Military

IT was not exactly an intimate rap session, as nearly 600 seamen, submariners and officers jammed a base theater at Pearl Harbor last week. But the pert WAVE spoke up boldly on behalf of two of her service friends with an unusual problem: "She works a day shift while her husband is on the night shift. Can't something be done?" The officer directed her to leave their names, and since that officer was none other than Admiral Elmo ("Bud") Zumwalt, Chief of Naval Operations and the U.S. Navy's uniformed boss, the pair will soon be on more compatible assignments.

Similar scenes could be observed elsewhere in the U.S. armed services:

► At Fort Benning, Ga., it was 0600—reveille hour—but no bugle sounded. So SP/4C Terry Reed dozed blissfully until 7 a.m. Reveille has gone out of style at Fort Benning; all a soldier need do is get to his first duty post on time.

► Wearing dungarees and a flag-striped crash helmet, a sailor reported for his day's duties at the Charleston Naval Station, S.C., by gunning his motorcycle up to the main gate.

► On the aircraft carrier *John F. Kennedy* in the Mediterranean, Captain Ferdinand B. Koch conducted an electronic forum via the ship's closed-circuit TV, answering questions phoned to him from sailors below decks.

Those episodes are all part of a radical drive now under way in the U.S. armed forces to humanize military life. It was launched most effectively by the Navy, whose ships' horns still bark, "Now hear this! Now hear this!" but whose officers more and more seem to be saying to men of all ranks: "We hear you! We hear you!" The movement was given further impetus last week by new directives from the Army and Air Force that seek to make life in the service more bearable and attractive. It aims to meet at least in part the demands of a brighter, more restive generation of young Americans who reject

the artificiality of make-work chores and spit-and-polish regimen, who want to know the why of orders and the wherefore of authority. Each officer has his own definition of the new mood, and not all approve of the change. For one who does, Major General Bernard W. Rogers, commander of the Army's 4th Infantry Division, it is simply to make everyone in his service "give a damn for the soldier."

### A Matter of Survival

The reform of military life is not a luxury or even merely an idea whose time has come, mirroring the changes in the rest of U.S. society. It is a necessity. Largely because of the Viet Nam War, the prestige of the military is plummeting. Many servicemen, including cadets and midshipmen from West Point and Annapolis, try to hide their military connections when on leave among their peers. There is even a wig market in Annapolis where middies can acquire hirsute camouflage. Re-enlistment rates have dropped to their lowest levels since 1955. Barely 31% of servicemen of all ranks and branches now volunteer for a second term.

The mounting antimilitarism in the U.S. threatens even the extension of the draft, which Congress must debate next year. Top Pentagon officials expect the vote to be extremely close. Until they have time to effect all the reforms that might make service more appealing, they consider Selective Service the only weapon they have to maintain adequate manpower. Declares Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird: "Manpower is the most serious problem that we have. We are going to concentrate on people. They're going to be No. 1."

President Nixon is fully aware of the problem, and to dramatize his concern, he personally presided last week over the re-enlistment ceremonies for five men of all services who had signed for another term. He re-emphasized his

conviction that the long-term solution to the manpower dilemma is to make military life so appealing that an all-volunteer service becomes feasible. Optimistically, he has set 1973 as the target date for ending the draft, except as a stand-by mechanism to meet new emergencies. There are grave doubts among many military commanders that the draft can be ended that soon. But the possibility makes the revitalization of service life that much more important.

The challenge has been taken up by the three major services in a new kind of rivalry in which each seems to be striving to show that it is the most fun—or at least the most concerned, fair and compassionate.

At the moment, the Navy is ahead. This is largely due to its new (and youngest ever) C.N.O. Bud Zumwalt, 50, has thrown his energy into what he calls "people programs" throughout the service. Insisting that his men rate far higher than hardware, he even made a private deal with the Pentagon to take \$20 million—enough to keep four or five destroyers functioning for a year—out of its budget if the Defense Department would match it and use the combined \$40 million to build new housing units for Navy families. An admiral who would rather give his men new homes than sustain some ships is a novelty in the Navy.

Already tagged throughout the service as "The Big Z," Zumwalt is carrying out his revolution through "Z-grams." These are orders in crisp, unstilted language that show his determination to scuttle those customs and traditions that no longer seem to have a point—if indeed they ever did. There have been 65 such orders so far, received variously and eagerly at sea and ashore as "Zulu-grams" or "Zumie-grams" or just "Zoomies." In a service more encrusted with class protocol than most, they have especially endeared Zumwalt to enlisted men. Zumwalt, declares a chief on the





JOEY/ABC, 1982

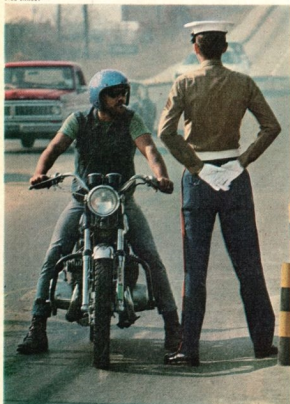
Soldiers at Fort Carson, Colo., are now permitted to decorate barracks to suit their own, sometimes psychedelic, tastes.



Sailors at Charleston Naval Station may wear modified Afro haircuts (wall poster guides barber on style limits). Beards are routine (left) on flight line at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station.



Black light and graffiti set relaxed mood for rap sessions at Fort Carson's Inscape Coffeehouse. Commanders at many bases in all the services are opening new channels for men to air their grievances, however petty, about military life.



Motorcycles are common among sailors in Charleston, although their use on the station is still restricted.

"Shoot-up room" for treatment of Army drug addicts at Fort Bragg, N.C., induces negative reaction to drugs.



destroyer U.S.S. *Halsey*, is "the first C.N.O. who has ever rattled this bird cage down to the level where I can feel it."

Typical of Zumwalt's approach but carrying more zing than most was Z-gram No. 57, issued last month. It said bluntly that "Mickey Mouse" and "chicken reggs" (for regulations), which he labeled "demeaning or abusive," must go. It orders Navy commanders to keep abreast of "changing fashions," and Zumwalt explained separately that "neatly trimmed" beards and "neatly tapered" hair up to three inches long must be allowed. The new order threw out the nagging rule that men who live off base or off ship must change from work to dress uniforms for the short trip to and from their quarters; they can now travel in dungarees. Motorcycles must be allowed at all naval stations, and a cyclist cannot be harassed about the color of his helmet. Nor should men be forced to hastily paint the rust spots on a ship just because a senior officer—even Zumwalt himself—is making a visit.

#### Beer in the Barracks

Earlier Z-grams had knocked out restrictions against men wearing civilian clothes on a base when off duty, opened a pilot program to allow first-class petty officers to carry any kind of clothes they wish aboard certain ships and to wear them when on liberty. The rule requiring dress uniforms when a ship arrives in port (when greasy gear and dirty lines must be handled) was eliminated. At least half the crew of a returning ship must be granted 30 days' leave, and even when at sea, at least 5% of a ship's crew must be allowed to remain ashore on leave.

Convinced that many men fail to re-enlist primarily because their wives are unhappy, Zumwalt ordered all shore-base commanders to set up channels for hearing complaints not only from the men but from their spouses. Zumwalt also said make-work projects must cease, Saturday duty must be minimized and those irksome barracks and personnel inspections, if held at all, should not interfere with weekend liberty. Beer may be dispensed in barracks, and liquor can be kept in those barracks that are divided into rooms. Optimistically, he set 15 minutes as the maximum time any sailor should be ordered to wait in line for anything.

Local commanders are free to apply the Z-grams in their own fashion, and wherever the Navy writ runs, the fresh breezes of innovation and experimentation in listening, in correcting, in treating sailors like adults, are blowing.

The telephone rang at the desk of Captain A.W. ("Hap") Chandler Jr., commander of the Miramar Naval Air Station in San Diego. "Hey, Hap, what are you doing about flight jackets down there?" asked the skipper of another Navy facility. "You letting them wear them around the base?" Replied Chandler: "Sure, I've got to, since I do it my-

self." A former colleague of Zumwalt's in Saigon, Chandler is so enthusiastic about the freer atmosphere under The Big Z that he tries to keep a step ahead. He relaxed the rules on hair and beards before any Z-gram mentioned them, wears his own hair in a long wavy pompadour with modest sideburns. Moreover, he is sending his base barbers to hair-styling school so his airmen can get something better in their \$1 cuts than sheer sidewalls. "We're putting in female shampooists too," says Chandler. "You might think we're going a little gay around here."

Chandler also opened a "Captain's Hotline" through which any sailor can dial C-A-P-T (2-2-7-8) at any hour to record a beef. Chandler answers each one in the base newspaper. The line has averaged 80 calls a week, ranging from complaints about cockroaches in the barracks to poorly cooked hamburgers at mess. When one caller suggested that men be able to check in from leave by telephone, Chandler's answer was one word: "Approved." The line has worked so well that Chandler talked his wife Marjorie into answering calls from women on a line reached by dialing A-H-O-Y.

Chandler, who wears a Spiro Agnew watch, does not think he is unduly coddling his men: "The guys today are a lot more sophisticated than when I came in to the Navy. These old farts, the admirals, just don't see this. The old way of doing things not only perpetuated bureaucracy but also mediocrity. That old saying, 'If it moves, salute it; if it stands still, paint it,' has got to go."

#### Wooing Wives in the Fleet

As the Z-grams generate waves throughout the Navy, the main impact among the some 40 ships of the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean has been to push all commanders into a new concern for the dependents of their sea-going officers and men. When the U.S.S. *Springfield* recently put into Malta, more than 20 petty officers' wives from the ship's home port of Gaeta awaited the ship's arrival, because for the first time their husbands were permitted to spend nights ashore at a transient stop. Some 450 men from the carrier *John F. Kennedy* are flying home for Christmas thanks to the new regulations.

The concern also shows up in the new dialogue that has developed among skippers, the men they command and Navy wives. Aboard the *Springfield*, Fleet Commander Vice Admiral Isaac Kidd holds forth in ombudsman meetings at the same polished table where he and his senior commanders conferred in September with President Nixon. At a recent session, one wife complained that U.S. naval families based in Italy knew too little Italian. Kidd ordered a three-month trial of voluntary lessons. On another complaint, Kidd said he would order Navy doctors and dentists in Naples to visit Gaeta more regularly to treat dependents' ills.

The same kind of chatter, ranging

from the highly practical to the merely cathartic, is occurring regularly at State-side naval bases. At South Carolina's Charleston Naval Station, Captain Edward P. Flynn Jr. guides such meetings sympathetically but briskly. "My group doesn't like the way *Playboy* is displayed at the base exchange," complained Mary Vaughn of the Marine Wives' Club. "You can see as much in a women's magazine," countered Flynn. "I bought three T shirts last month at the Navy Exchange and there were holes in the seams of the shoulders," groused a submariner's wife. "Bring them back and we'll return them to the supplier," said Flynn. Are such niggles a waste of a captain's time? Navy Wife Gwen Lanoux does not think so. "We feel like somebody is listening," she says.

Rear Admiral Herman J. Kossler, commandant of the Sixth Naval Dis-

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WAC RECRUITING POSTER  
Reaching those who ask why.

trict headquartered in Charleston, has ordered Seabee units, whose training often consists of building bridges and docks only to knock them down again, to undertake permanent projects. In line with Z-grams, he had them build a shed so that men with motorcycles could park their vehicles, construct a marina, outfit an automobile hobby shop and panel the walls of living quarters.

Now the base enlisted men's club, which used to be an edgy center of booze- and boredom-bred friction, is a joyful and jumping place, with dim lights, rock music and girls. Every Wednesday night is "soul night," on which some 500 sailors, 80% of them black, dance to the music of the Exquisite Diatonics and treat their dates to 40¢ drinks. Bachelor officers don psychedelic sports shirts and casual sweaters to meet local girls at their own club and shake to such groups as the Swingers or the Sounds of Time.

Somewhat envious of all the excite-



ment Zumwalt's Navy has created, the Army is marching double time to catch up. Last week General William Westmoreland, the Army's more restrained and traditional Chief of Staff, moved to make life in the Army a bit more like home. Clarifying earlier directives, he ruled that unnecessary troop formations are detrimental to morale, and "except for special occasions," troops need not assemble for reveille. To make sure that not many such occasions would be found, he ordered that any base commander who calls for such a formation must show up too.

Westmoreland also eliminated night-time bed checks, except in disciplinary cases, as well as the need to sign in and out overnight. He abolished restrictions on how far from his camp a soldier may travel when off duty and ordered that 3.2 beer may be served routinely at evening mess and that barracks may have beer-vending machines. Any officer or soldier who raises a personnel question should get an answer from an authority on his base within 24 hours. Implicitly recognizing that long-time noncommissioned officers are most resistant to change, Westmoreland told commanders to make sure that their NCOs "stay ahead of changes in the country and society" and act "in keeping with the modern army philosophy."

#### Removing Burrs at Carson

Nowhere is that philosophy already more evident than at Fort Carson, which services the 25,000 men of the 4th Infantry Division on its vast post west of Colorado Springs. There, Major General Rogers is urging all of his subordinates to help heal "our self-inflicted wounds" and remove "the harassing burrs under the saddles of our soldiers." Today's youth, contends Rogers, "want to participate in decisions; they are curious. They want to know why, and they are not satisfied with answers based on faith or 'because we've always done it that way'—and I respect them for it."

There are no Saturday morning inspections at Carson, no reveille or retreat formations. At the Inscape Coffee House, black light illuminates slogans proclaiming that "Life is a Big Happening," and a peace symbol adorns a

beam. Here officers drop in to rap with the troops. "At coffeehouses off base they scream *about* the Establishment," notes one colonel. "Here they can scream *at* the Establishment." Five enlisted men's clubs serve up beer, whisky and go-go girls. In an experiment, the G.I.s have fashioned their quarters into semi-private cubicles, brightening them with colorful rugs, curtains, posters and pin-ups.

Carson has shifted from what Colonel David R. Hughes, the division's chief of staff, describes as "an authoritarian to a participatory approach—because then a man feels that he has a stake in what he is doing." A 19-man group of enlisted men meets regularly with Rogers and has had 70% of its suggestions accepted by him.

Does Rogers' approach work? It is too early to tell, but there are positive signs. Re-enlistments have increased 45% at Carson, the retention rate of junior officers has doubled, and two-thirds of the noncareer G.I.s rate their own morale as fair to excellent. AWOLs have declined, and incidents requiring investigation by the provost marshal have dropped 25%.

At North Carolina's Fort Bragg, Lieut. General John J. Tolson III commands the XVIII Airborne Corps with a similar desire to "cut out the crap," contending: "The soldier today is smarter than 25 years ago. What worked in the Army then won't work now, and the older guys are going to have to accept that." His men do not train on weekends, and they wear their hair longer than at almost any other Army post. "I've observed since World War II," says Tolson, "that there is no connection between the length of a man's hair and his bravery."

The most innovative idea at Bragg is its enlightened approach to a particularly contemporary problem of the modern army: drug addiction. It has been standard practice in the Army to simply get rid of addicts by booting them out on a dishonorable discharge. That shifted the problem to the larger society. But Tolson decided that the Army was as prepared to help them as anyone else. Any junkie can now walk into special wards at Bragg's medical facility,

announce that "I'm hooked—help me," and no disciplinary action is taken.

The emphasis in the rehabilitation program is on a lot of rapping with psychiatrists and fellow addicts. As in some civilian programs, methadone is used to help heroin addicts through the withdrawal period and satisfy their chemical needs. But the most dramatic technique is the "shoot-up" where the more serious addicts inject themselves or each other with a nausea-producing liquid. The shooting-up takes place in a crash pad of pulsating lights, acid-rock stereo, Day-Glo and even antiwar posters. The patients first smoke joints that taste like marijuana but are not, then inject themselves with needles. After the pleasant rush, they vomit into plastic bags for up to four hours. "It ain't worth it, goddam, it ain't worth it," one paratrooper repeated over and over after one recent injection.

#### Time Off for Overtime

The Air Force takes a more relaxed attitude toward all of the talk about humanizing military life, claiming, with some justification, that the interdependence of officer-pilots, enlisted crews and mechanics has long promoted an informal closeness. "There's no saluting in the flight line," observes a mechanic at Randolph Air Force Base. Indeed, enlisted personnel have normally lived in two- or three-man rooms since the 1950s, and their technical expertise has earned them better treatment than in other services. Major General Frank M. Madsen Jr., commander of Keesler Air Force Base, discloses that he has three enlisted men who report any ill treatment of airmen directly to him. "Their identity," he says, "is known only to me, themselves and to God."

Nevertheless, Lieut. General Robert J. Dixon, the Air Force Deputy Chief of Staff for Personnel, found it necessary last week to jump on the bandwagon. At a Pentagon press conference he summed up some of the new policies being pushed by his boss, Chief of Staff General John Ryan. They include reducing inspections, granting men time off in exchange for overtime work, giving airmen more time to get their families settled when they change stations.

THE OLD & NEW IN NAVY BEARDS: ABOARD THE U.S.S. "MOHICAN" IN 1888 & ON TODAY'S CARRIER "SARATOGA"







BRAGG'S TOLSON



SIXTH FLEET'S KIDD



CARSON'S ROGERS

### Turning all their guns against Micky Mouse.

Even as they modernize, demilitarize and humanize, the services find some imposing statistics mining the paths toward a truly all-volunteer military. The Army's situation is the most acute, since it bears the burden of the most dangerous duty in combat and the most boring chores when it is not fighting. The Army figures that it can get along with an all-volunteer force of 900,000 men (it now has 1,200,000). This will require about 26,000 enlistees each month. Half of these should be re-enlistments and half new volunteers.

That would require roughly doubling the current re-enlistment and true volunteer rates. The Army now gets about 13,000 volunteers a month, but it estimates that 7,000 of these would not be enlisting if there were no draft to pressure them. Turning those figures about will be difficult.

To do so, all the services are seeking higher pay for their men, even though the pressures on the Defense Department budget already are extreme. But it is also true, as the Army's Colonel Robert Montague notes, that "you just can't go out in the street and buy people." Thus the services are also trying to upgrade their training programs to make more of their vocations interesting to career men and more readily transferable to civilian jobs for those who leave. Partly because it is less costly, the current emphasis is simply on making military life more comfortable.

### The Making of a C.N.O.

Does all of this new concern for their men mean that the services are going soft and that the discipline necessary for effectiveness in combat is breaking down? The Navy's Bud Zumwalt does not think so. "The role of tradition in the Navy is to contribute to good order and discipline and pride in the organization," he says. "But I have yet to be shown how neatly trimmed beards and sideburns or neatly shaped Afro haircuts contribute to military delinquency or detract from a ship's ability to carry out its combat function."

Zumwalt found firsthand in Viet Nam that some relaxation of trivia can help, not hinder, a fighting force. He commanded a "brown-water" Navy, assigned

to check Communist infiltration and shipping, and his men frequently worked hatless, bare-chested and bearded. Navy regs banned beer on all vessels, so Zumwalt brought six-packs to the crews himself. He got around the ban by inviting the men to step off the ships, generally onto a barge, to consume the brew. His tour as Commander of U.S. Naval Forces in Viet Nam was a big success, a factor in his elevation over 35 senior admirals to C.N.O.

Although he speaks softly and comes on in a deceptively low key, Zumwalt is a sharp logician whose mind seems to race many knots faster than those of most of his fellow officers. Yet he is "the only senior officer I know who always apologizes when he interrupts anyone, no matter how low their rank," notes one colleague. A combination of compassion and extreme competence has made Zumwalt the Navy's most popular leader since World War II; as long ago as 15 years, friends were predicting that he would wind up in the big C.N.O.'s house in Washington. At a recent annual meeting of the Navy's "tailhookers," pilots who have made at least one carrier landing, no one was sure how the black-shoe, surface Admiral would be received. But they stood on chairs and screamed: "We want The Big Z, Big Z, Big Z."

The Navy almost missed him. As war approached in 1939, Zumwalt was determined to attend West Point and later become a doctor. His father had served as an Army physician in World War I and would do so again in World War II. But an Irish friend of his father's came to their home in Tulare, Calif., raved about the sea, and "told a lot of wonderful stories about life on whaling ships—and that did it." Zumwalt decided on Annapolis, where he starred in debate but finished 275th in conduct in his class of 615. Petty regis did not appeal to him then, either.

At the Battle of Leyte Gulf, young Lieut. Zumwalt won a Bronze Star for his work in the combat information center of the destroyer U.S.S. *Robinson* as she attacked Japanese battleships. He had a narrow escape as officer of the deck on the destroyer U.S.S. *Phelps* when he maneuvered the vessel to avoid

a submarine attack and one torpedo passed just underneath his keel. "He may be a good officer," reported a superior on the *Phelps*. "But it was difficult to tell because he was seasick for the first three months." His most memorable experience in the war came when his task force captured several Japanese ships and he was installed on one of them, the *Ataka*, as skipper of an 18-man U.S. prize crew. His orders were to sail the *Ataka* up the Yangtze and Whangpoo rivers to Shanghai, still occupied by 175,000 Japanese troops.

### Fulbright Said No

Zumwalt and his crew scared off two Japanese PT boats, blasted a signal light that was trying to order the *Ataka* to stop, and steamed brazenly into Shanghai. Zumwalt's bluff convinced the Japanese that a "vast horde of American ships" was following and that they should not bother his captured vessel. When one Japanese army captain later approached the *Ataka*, Zumwalt grabbed the officer's pistol, spun him about and hauled him off the ship by the seat of his pants. The captain's driver surprised Zumwalt with a pistol at pointblank range, but before he could fire, Zumwalt lifted the captain as a shield. A Texas sailor then knocked the driver down from behind.

The high point of Zumwalt's "invasion" of Shanghai came at a dinner he attended in the home of a Russian family. There he met Mouza Couzelisdu-Roche, whose French father and Russian mother had earlier settled in Manchuria. In a letter Zumwalt later wrote to his father, he described meeting Mouza: "Tall and well-poised, she was smiling a smile of such radiance that the very room seemed suddenly transformed, as though a fairy waving a brilliant wand had just entered the room. For a long moment there was utter silence. Then we sat down to the most memorable meal of my life." Mouza agreed to teach Zumwalt Russian, and the lessons drew them closer. After five weeks, he asked her to marry him. They went through two ceremonies, one by a Presbyterian minister at the American Embassy, one in a Russian church.

Zumwalt never did leave the Navy,

although he toyed with the idea several times. He applied for a Rhodes scholarship in 1947 and got to the finals, but was knocked out, ironically, by a future foe of almost everything military who was on the Rhodes Selection committee: J. William Fulbright. Recalls Zumwalt: "Fulbright simply could not understand why anybody military had anything to learn at Oxford."

Now physically shipshape at 175 lbs. (just five pounds over his weight as a football tackle at Tulare High) and nearly 6 ft., Zumwalt runs—not jogs—for two miles each morning around his house. He also brings home briefcases of work, marking papers in a hand so illegible that only a half dozen Pentagon aides, known as "the interpreters," can decipher it. When he began working at breakfast, however, his wife mutinied.

then voluntarily admitted that he had lied. But cadets can wear blazers on weekends, the high, stiff uniform collars are gone and, notes one colonel in a swipe at Zumwalt and Westmoreland, "We removed reveille two years ago, but we didn't call a press conference to announce it."

The superintendent at Annapolis, Admiral James F. Calvert, believes that Zumwalt is "the best thing that's happened to the Navy in a long time," but he does not want his academy to adapt too completely to the world outside its walls. Calvert praises "team spirit, the battle cry, camaraderie, heroism, the desperate fight against impossible odds," and deplores the fact that higher education in the U.S. tends to reject "authority, tradition, moral values—anything that smacks of absolutes. Annapolis cannot go along with that." And if

of the chain of command. Grouses one commander at Norfolk: "Since these Z-grades came out, some men in the lower grades seem to feel that they are working directly for the C.N.O.—and to hell with everybody in between."

More serious is the argument that discipline and rigor are essential to the primary business of the military: preparing men to kill and to endure the personal danger of death. Nearly all the legendary armies of history have been harshly trained and regimented. The model is ancient Sparta, whose youths spent 23 years, including their wedding nights, in soldiers' barracks and could be fined merely for showing no appetite at mess. Says the superintendent of West Point, Major General William A. Knowlton: "It has always been our experience that disciplined units suffer fewer casualties than slovenly ones. 'Dirty Dozen' outfits exist only in the movies."

#### Freedom and Responsibility

Indeed, Military Historian and Columnist S.L.A. Marshall contends that the U.S. Army is taking the same relaxed route as did the French Army of Marshal Pétain that he visited in 1937—and that proved so ineffective in World War II. "Once you deviate from the sanctity of an order, you're in trouble," he warns. "And we are right on the ragged edge of reducing discipline to the point of danger."

But Knowlton is the first to admit that there has always been something unique in the attitudes of Americans in arms. It was noticed, he says, by the Prussian Baron Friedrich von Steuben, a military adviser to Washington's army: "When he was at Valley Forge, Von Steuben observed that you cannot just tell an American soldier what to do, you always have to tell him why."

Whether Zumwalt and his like-minded colleagues in the other services can indeed create a military force that is happy behind the lines and fully effective in combat remains to be seen. Given the current low esteem of the military in much of the nation, they have very little choice but to move in the directions they have chosen. Like so many parts of the American historical experience, this movement, too, is an experiment—risky, unprecedented, but rich with promise. If the U.S. military can significantly reform itself, there is no reason why other less rigid and authoritarian American institutions in Government, education and business cannot succeed as well.

Military men are fond of observing that their institutions only mirror those of the society at large. That is another way of saying that nations tend to get the armies and navies that they want or deserve. Zumwalt's bet is that in the armed forces or out, freedom and responsibility are not incompatible—that men treated less like children in the service of their country will, if called upon, prove the equal of their predecessors as fighting men.



ZUMWALT AT HOME WITH WIFE & DAUGHTERS MOUZA & ANN (STANDING)  
No more reading at the breakfast table.

She kissed him and announced: "See you in four years, Daddy." That is when his term expires. Zumwalt no longer reads at breakfast.

Despite Zumwalt's persuasiveness, not all military men agree that making life easier for troops and sailors is a good thing. The Marine Corps is determined to be as tough and rigid as ever, perhaps more so in order to claim greater elitism. "We will continue to take the hard line," says one Marine general. "We think we can get 200,000 volunteers, cut their hair and shave their faces. It will be a challenge, but maybe it's the only one left."

The service academies claim they have gone about as far as they can to liberalize rules, and they see merit in retaining stern discipline. A West Point cadet was dismissed last month because he had claimed to have shined his shoes,

a midshipman does not believe "in the essential goodness of the country and has no desire to defend it against all its enemies." Calvert wants him to leave.

There are, indeed, dangers in too much leniency, as Zumwalt and his aides are well aware. Many top admirals wonder if the Navy has not already gone too far. As he retired from his post as Commander of the Pacific Fleet this month, Admiral John J. Hyland hinted as much in Zumwalt's presence, asking in his farewell speech: "How far can we permit absolute freedom of speech, deportment and dress—and still hang onto the indispensable element of discipline?" He warned against being weakened by "bleeding hearts."

Many commanders of ships and bases feel that Zumwalt is delving into personnel matters that have long been their rightful prerogative. Many Navy chiefs, the indispensable career men who run much of the service, contend that lowly swabs are getting perks that it had taken them years to earn. Besides, there is the issue of authority, the subversion

\* They have four children: Elmo, 24, who resigned his naval commission when his father became C.N.O. and is now studying law at the University of North Carolina; James, 22, a Navy ensign; Ann, 16; and Mouza, 12.

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## THE WORLD

# Europe: A Symbolic Act of Atonement

WHILE several hundred Poles looked on in silence, West German Chancellor Willy Brandt walked slowly toward a granite slab that towers over an empty area near Warsaw's Old City. The memorial rises on the site of the Jewish ghetto, whose 500,000 inhabitants died either in the 1943 uprising against the Nazis or in prison camps. Solemnly, Brandt placed a huge wreath at the base of the monument. Then, unexpectedly, he dropped to his knees. For an electrifying half-minute, his face sculpted in deep emotion, Brandt knelt on the pavement. It is particularly noteworthy that this symbolic act of national atonement was performed by a man who spent World War II in voluntary exile from Hitler's Germany.

Brandt was in Warsaw to establish normal diplomatic relations between West Germany and Poland for the first time since the end of the war. In the city's Radziwill Palace, with Polish Party Boss Wladyslaw Gomulka beaming in the background, Brandt and Polish Premier Józef Cyrankiewicz, a former Auschwitz inmate, signed leather-bound copies of an agreement that cedes to Poland 40,000 sq. mi. of former German territory east of the Oder-Neisse rivers. In return, some 100,000 ethnic Germans who have lived in the Oder-Neisse region since the end of World War II will be allowed to emigrate to West Germany.

**Tormented History.** A glass-clinking round of cultural and economic socializing followed the signing, as members of the delegation that accompanied Brandt sought out their Polish counterparts. Student leaders met, Novelist Günter Grass mingled with a group of Polish writers, and Berthold Beitz, representing the giant Krupp enterprises, conferred with leaders of the Polish Planning Commission. Nevertheless, neither Brandt nor Gomulka had any illusion that all the hatreds that have grown up between Germans and Poles over the course of 1,000 tormented years could be dispelled quickly.

Genuine normalization of affairs between West Germany and Eastern Europe is blocked by an issue completely separate from the treaty: an agreement on the Berlin problem. Brandt is not expected to submit the Polish treaty or West Germany's four-month-old renunciation-of-force agreement with the Soviet Union to the Bundestag for ratification until the Berlin problem is solved. But there was growing worry, especially in Washington, that Brandt might have committed a tactical error in agreeing to the two treaties before Berlin's status was resolved.

The Soviets, according to a top member of the Nixon Administration, believe that because Brandt's government is so strongly committed to relaxing tensions with the East, it cannot leave the Moscow and Warsaw treaties in limbo for long. According to this view, Brandt may eventually be forced to accept the Soviet plan for Berlin: a "third German state" with economic ties to Bonn but with none of the political links that guarantee the city against absorption by East Germany. Other officials argue, however, that Moscow is moving slowly on Berlin largely because it is having trouble forcing East Germany's Walter Ulbricht into line.

Last week's 41-hour meeting between the Big Four ambassadors in Berlin produced little in the way of proof for either viewpoint. Ulbricht, for his part, declared in a speech in East Berlin that his government would be willing to talk directly with Bonn "on the basis of equality and the other principles of international law." But senior U.S. State Department officials described the speech as basically "quite tough."

If Moscow is indeed relying on a strategy of delay, its planning could be foiled on two counts. First, the Bundestag would be loath to ratify either treaty if it were submitted before West Berlin's future is more assured. Second, with the recent electoral successes of his Free Democrat coalition partners, Brandt himself has grown more confident about the strength of his government. As a result, he feels less pressure to submit the treaties for ratification before he gets measurable progress on West Berlin. In the end, Brandt feels, it is the Soviets, not he, who will have to become more flexible.

Plainly, the road toward East-West détente is not exactly a high-speed expressway. It is vulnerable, moreover, to the sort of old-fashioned petty nationalism that is still able to poison relations between states. Last week, after a needless spasm of local hatreds had spoiled the atmosphere, Yugoslav President Josip Broz Tito canceled what would have been his first official visit to Rome. The flare-up involved Trieste,



BRANDT KNEELING AT WARSAW MONUMENT TO MARTYRED JEWS  
An attempt to bridge a brutal gulf.

the Adriatic port city that has been disputed territory for many years and that nearly became a *casus belli* between East and West after World War II.

Shortly after Tito broke with Moscow in 1948, he defused the issue by signing an agreement, negotiated under British and U.S. auspices. The pact gave Italy administration over the city and Yugoslavia day-to-day control, though not formal sovereignty, over a 40-sq.-mi. area to the east of Trieste known as "Zone B." Since then, relations between the two countries have improved to the point where neither requires visas from the other's citizens.

Not everyone is pleased. In the Italian Parliament, rightwing Deputies asked Foreign Minister Aldo Moro deliberately provocative questions about the possible "surrender" of Zone B during Tito's trip. Moro replied: "The government will not take into consideration any renunciation of legitimate national interests." Tito, hypersensitive to separatist tendencies in Yugoslavia's six republics, was in fact under pressure to seek formal sovereignty over Zone B.

He evidently felt compelled to take umbrage at Moro's comment in order to keep Slovenian nationalists quiet. As a result of the manufactured crisis, both governments announced that the trip had been "temporarily postponed."

## Dark Days in Great Britain

IN Covent Garden, Bizet's *Carmen* was performed in total darkness. In Soho, a resourceful strip-club owner issued flashlights to his patrons so that the show could go on. A TV mystery went off the air just as the detective was saying "The person we want for murder is . . ." Parliament debated, and the Queen took afternoon tea, by candlelight. Millions of homes were without heat, electricity or hot water for long periods, and whole areas of London resembled the capital during the wartime blitz. Darkness and gloom had descended on Britain because 125,000 Electrical Trades Union (E.T.U.) workers had decided to stage a slowdown. It was so effective that at any given moment during the week a quarter of Britain was without electricity.

At first there was some sympathy for the normally reasonable, well-led electrical workers, who were using the slowdown to try to gain a wage increase of \$13.92 over their current average weekly earnings of \$57.60. The E.T.U. workers felt that their markedly increased productivity had not been amply rewarded. Moreover, they knew—and resented—the Tory government's desire to make them a test case of an

election pledge to fight inflation by curbing wage increases in nationalized industries. Heeding Prime Minister Edward Heath's feelings, the Electricity Council held fast to an offer of \$4.80 a week. As the power shortage worsened and the Queen proclaimed a state of emergency, more and more Britons felt deep resentment toward the workers.

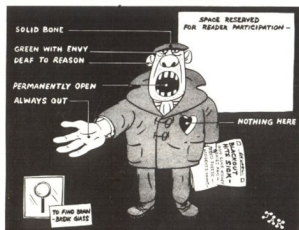
Besides the general inconvenience, a number of deaths were attributable to the power shortage. Three hospital patients died when attendants were unable to bring needed equipment to them on time because of stalled elevators. Four deaths by fire were laid to the use of candles or matches in place of electricity. If the shortage continued, a Public Health Department doctor warned, lack of heat might kill 10,000 of the elderly within a month.

**Solid Bone.** The angry populace soon retaliated. Dentists and doctors turned away electrical workers who tried to take advantage of the slowdown by scheduling appointments. Stores, bars and gas stations refused to serve them. A bus conductor told one power man: "Your lot have put me to a stack of inconvenience. Get off and walk." One of the few signs of support came from unionized workers at London's *Evening Standard* who walked out and halted late editions in protest against a drawing they considered objectionable. The cartoon pictured the E.T.U. worker as "Homo-electrical-sapiens Britannicus, circa 1970"—with head of "solid bone," eyes "green with envy," ears "deaf to reason," mouth "permanently open," hand "always out," and only a hole where his heart should be.

During the blackout, beleaguered Britons also had to endure a 24-hour nationwide strike by 350,000 workers protesting the government's proposed Industrial Relations Reform Act, which comes up for debate this week in the House of Commons. The Carr bill, so



FLEET STREET PUB BY CANDLELIGHT



CONTROVERSIAL EVENING STANDARD CARTOON



BLACKOUT AT PICCADILLY CIRCUS

named for Employment and Productivity Minister Robert Carr, aims at legally preventing wildcat work stoppages. Though the bill is anathema to many union members, only a fraction of Britain's 24 million organized workers left their jobs in protest.

**The Wrong Issue.** Temporarily, at least, the discomfited public has rallied behind Heath and his hard line against the E.T.U. The Prime Minister can take less comfort, however, from the latest Harris poll: it shows that his Labor predecessor, Harold Wilson, has increased his lead in personal popularity over Heath by 51% to 37%. The poll also indicated that the Labor Party has now surged ahead of the Tories in public popularity, 48% to 45%. Once the electrical showdown is settled, moreover, many Britons may turn against Heath and the Tories for having allowed the blackout to continue so long.

Heath, who is scheduled to meet with President Nixon in Washington this week to discuss foreign policy, has been concerned primarily with his long-range plans for re-establishing Britain as a major world leader. Many of his critics feel that as a result he has failed to come to terms with the day-to-day problems of running the government. They complain that his unexpected victory over Labor in June has turned his natural cockiness into outright arrogance.

To be sure, Heath seemed arrogant—if not foolhardy—in two of his early policy decisions. He chose to sell arms to racist South Africa to demonstrate his rugged independence in foreign affairs. He picked the relatively underpaid nationalized workers to prove his toughness in the face of inflationary wage claims. Then, too, there was Heath's minibus, whose combination of tax cuts and rollbacks in social services is now seen by some to benefit only the well-to-do or the very poor. More and more, Britons are beginning to wonder whether Heath's critics are on to something when they say that he is not so tough as he is simply unfeeling.

## BRAZIL

### Raising the Ransom Price

Swiss Businessman Rudi Bucher was celebrating his 54th birthday at his home near Lake Como when a congratulatory letter arrived from his brother, Switzerland's Ambassador to Brazil. Life in Rio, wrote Giovanni Enrico Bucher, 57, a suave, popular bachelor, was "pleasant and uneventful." One day, he predicted, Brazil would be one of the "stabllest nations of Latin America." One day, perhaps, but not just yet. Moments after Rudi Bucher finished reading the letter, he heard that his brother had been kidnapped by urban guerrillas in Rio.

**Not Possible.** A man of rigid habits, "Gianni" Bucher had left his house in a residential section of Rio at precisely 8:45 a.m., and followed precisely the same route he always took for the 15-minute trip downtown to the Swiss embassy. As his big Buick cruised down a busy street, half-a-dozen gunmen in two cars forced it to a screeching halt. They mortally wounded Bucher's Brazilian bodyguard when he appeared to be reaching for a pistol, then pushed the ambassador into a waiting car and roared off. The last thing the chauffeur heard Bucher say was, "It is not possible that this is happening to me."

The generals who have run South America's biggest country since 1964 could only agree. The military government has gone all out to break the guerrillas, who have been bombing barracks, robbing banks and snatching diplomats for the last two years. Still, the mayhem goes on. Kidnapers have seized the U.S. ambassador, the Japanese consul-general in São Paulo and the West German ambassador, ransoming them for the release from Brazilian jails of 60 assorted criminals and opponents of the regime.

In Bucher's case, the price—like the price of almost everything in Brazil—has risen precipitously. Bucher's captors, members of the V.P.R. (for Popular Revolutionary Vanguard), a São Paulo-based group credited with the Japanese and West German kidnappings, demanded the release of 70 imprisoned guerrillas, who are to be flown to Mexico, Algeria or Chile. At week's end, negotiations were still in progress.

**Beginning Backfire.** Brazil's city terrorists have long been trying to provoke the generals into the sort of crack-down that could lead to chaos and revolution. In response, the regime has set aside the constitution, fired the legislature, ruled by decree, tortured suspected terrorists and canceled the political rights of more than 1,000 opponents. But lately the terrorism, which has cost nearly 50 lives so far, has begun to backfire. A growing number of Brazilians are outraged not only by the guerrillas, but also by foreign criticism of the generals' methods.

Six years after the generals ousted President João Goulart's chaotic civilian



BUCHER IN RIO BEFORE KIDNAPING  
The mayhem goes on.

regime and set out to reshape the country, they can at last point to some solid accomplishments. Exports are at record levels, and the economy is booming. Inflation still plagues Brazil, but it has been reduced from the 87% of Goulart's days to 22% this year. Employees are being cut in on their companies' revenues under a new "participation fund" plan, and work has begun on the epic 3,000-mile Transamazônia Highway.

**Ersatz Election.** Overwhelming problems still face President Emílio Garrastazu Médici, a former four-star general who was named President 14 months ago. Brazil's prosperity is benefiting mainly the upper 10% of the country's 90 million people. The more than one-third of Brazil's workers who are tied to the minimum wage (now \$40 a month) have watched their real purchasing power shrink by about 50% over the last ten years. Then, too, Médici has yet to make good on his early talk of "free universities, free political parties, free unions and freedom of the press." Newspapers still squirm under requirements for rigid self-censorship, and even non-radical students tend to be alienated by the generals' power to fire offending professors at will. Under pressure from hard-liners in the military, the President has backed away from a promise to give up his dictatorial powers and leave "democracy definitely installed" by the time his term expires in 1974.

Last month an ersatz congressional election was held in which the pro-government party, ARENA, won 70% of the 310 seats in the Chamber of Deputies. ARENA's victory against tame, regime-approved opposition candidates was not surprising, but neither was it convincing. A terrorist plea for the casting of blank ballots as a protest gesture, meanwhile, was totally ignored. Brazil's 30 million voters seemed determined to turn thumbs down on the terrorists, if not quite thumbs up for the generals.



## MIDDLE EAST

انسان (مناظر)

فر	خ	ن	م	س	ه	و	ز	ر
۱	۸	۷	۵	۴	۳	۲	۱	۰
۱۵	۱۴	۱۳	۱۲	۱۱	۱۰	۹	۸	۷
۲۲	۲۱	۲۰	۱۹	۱۸	۱۷	۱۶	۱۵	۱۴
۲۹	۲۸	۲۷	۲۶	۲۵	۲۴	۲۳	۲۲	۲۱

حرسیران (ایوئیسوم)

فر	خ	ن	م	س	ه	و	ز	ر
۵	۴	۳	۲	۱	۰	۹	۸	۷
۱۳	۱۱	۱۰	۹	۸	۷	۶	۵	۴
۱۹	۱۸	۱۷	۱۶	۱۵	۱۴	۱۳	۱۲	۱۱
۲۶	۲۵	۲۴	۲۳	۲۲	۲۱	۲۰	۱۹	۱۸
۳۳	۳۲	۳۱	۳۰	۲۹	۲۸	۲۷	۲۶	۲۵

THE CONCRETE POPULAR FORM OF THE SCULPTURE IN PASTEL

## Palestine: A Case of Right v. Right

**ABSORPTION OF ISRAEL.** What militant Palestinians want, as Arafat told TIME, "a democratic, non-Zionist, secular state where we would all live in peace and equality as we did for thousands of years. If the Zionists would accept this principle, we could share power on a democratic basis. We would not insist on having an Arab majority." Israelis wonder, however, whether a new state would merely substitute a Moslem foundation for a Jewish one. After all, they note, neighboring Arab states (with the exception of Lebanon) either make Islam the state religion or specify that the head of state must be a Moslem.



**INDEPENDENT STATE.** A third solution would be the establishment of an independent Arab state out of the West Bank and Gaza. Few Arabs believe that such a territory could now survive without falling under Israeli economic domination. Moreover, the creation of such a state would necessitate a corridor through Israel linking Gaza and the West Bank. Asks Defense Minister Moshe Dayan: "Do we really need a corridor bisecting Israel as though it were surrounded by staunch friends whose mind it has entered to destroy it?"

**FEDERATION WITH JORDAN.** The only workable compromise may be for Israel to return at least the West Bank to Jordan, and for King Hussein to proclaim a Palestine-Jordan federation. After all, roughly two-thirds of the King's 2,200,000 subjects are Palestinians. West Bank

Arabs are not eager to be ruled once more by Hussein, particularly since the September civil war, but he would seem to be preferable to the alternatives.

A federation with the West Bank governed by Palestinians and the East Bank by Transjordanians is gaining support. Hamdi Canaan, former mayor of the West Bank city of Nablus, last week called for such autonomy now.

King Hussein seems to like the idea—provided he rules the federation—but selling such a compromise to the fedayeen is another thing. Said Arafat: "Something is cooking in the international kitchen, but we are not going to be a sandwich. They are not going to give us a federation and then say that the Palestine problem is solved, and forget about us. We are going back to Palestine some day. All of Palestine."

## PAKISTAN

### A Step in the Right Direction

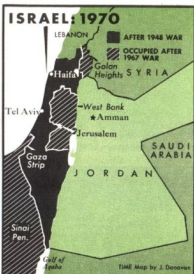
When Pakistan became independent in 1947, Britain bequeathed it a parliamentary system. Not until last week, however, did Pakistan's rulers get around to adopting a feature normally associated with such a system: nationwide general elections. From the rugged Khyber Pass at Afghanistan's doorstep to the Chitragong Hills near the jungles of Burma, some 40 million voters turned out at polling places. Despite their newness to the process, they seemed to know exactly what they wanted. Picking their way through the conflicting claims of 20-odd parties, they gave an overwhelming endorsement to only two of them, thereby laying the foundation for what could become a stable, two-party system. They also established the leaders of the two parties as politicians to be reckoned with for some time to come in the world's fifth most populous (130 million) nation. They are East Pakistan's Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, 48, head of the Awami League, and West Pakistan's Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, a former Foreign Minister and head of the Pakistan People's Party.

**Elite Electorate.** If Pakistan was slow to adopt the vote, it was because of the turmoil that has embroiled the nation for all of its 23 years. Until 1958, Parliaments were indirectly elected. After Field Marshal Mohammed Ayub Khan seized power in that year, an elite electorate of village leaders and landowners, eventually numbering 120,000, was selected to choose a National Assembly. Nearly two years ago, Ayub stepped down amidst bloody rioting as Pakistanis demanded basic social reforms such as a popularly elected parliament and an improved educational system.

Army Commander Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan took over and promised a return to democracy as soon as conditions were right. Unlike many an other strongman, he apparently means to keep his word. Last week's elections were held to choose delegates to a constitutional convention. When the delegates meet in January, they will have 120 days to draft a document that meets Yahya's approval. If they fail, he will order new elections; if they succeed, they will stay on as members of a 313-seat National Assembly.

**A Pledge of Purbodesh.** The big man at the constitutional convention will be "Mujib" Rahman, whose Awami League captured all but two of the 153 seats contested in East Pakistan. Seven East Pakistan seats reserved for women and nine more seats in the cyclone-ravaged coastal areas will be decided in a few weeks. The Awami League is virtually certain to win all 16, pushing its total in the projected National Assembly to a commanding 167.

Mujib's campaign was based on a pledge to win *purbodesh*, or regional autonomy, for the 72 million Bengalis of East Pakistan. For making the same de-



## The Legacy of Abraham's Children

**T**HE historical area known as Palestine was originally bounded to the west by the Mediterranean Sea and to the south by the Sinai Desert. To the north it included a sliver of Lebanon and to the east it stretched beyond the Jordan River. Today, Israel holds most of the territory.

Jewish domination in Palestine diminished after the destruction of the Second Temple of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, and in the Diaspora most Jews were ultimately scattered. The Bible notes that Palestine had been promised to the "seed of Abraham." This properly applies to Arabs as well as Jews, since Abraham's first son, Ishmael, was born of the Egyptian concubine Hagar and is thus the father of the Arabs. Though Arabs did not conquer Palestine until A.D. 634, they have remained ever since, first as rulers and later as the subjects of an Ottoman hegemony that ended

after the British captured Jerusalem in 1917. The British took part of Palestine east of the Jordan River to create Transjordan as a reward for the Hashemite dynasty, which helped Viscount Allenby defeat the Turks.

In 1947 the U.N. partitioned what remained of Palestine into Jewish and Arab states. When Arab armies marched on the infant state of Israel the following year—and were clobbered—the Israelis retaliated by seizing 1,400 square miles of Arab territory. Transjordan's King Abdullah, grandfather of the present King Hussein, annexed the Jordan River's West Bank, a sizable chunk of Palestine; he renamed his expanded kingdom simply Jordan. In the Six-Day War, Israel captured the West Bank as well as the Arab quarter of Jerusalem. This marked the 25th time that the old city, a holy place to three faiths, had changed hands.

mand in 1966, he was jailed for 33 months by Ayub. But *purbodesh* is the overriding issue in the area—for good reason. Pakistan is an improbable wedding of the Middle East and Southeast Asia, with 1,000 miles of Hindu India in between. In the dominant but less populous West are the tall, light-skinned, Punjabis, Pathans and Sindhis who speak a different language from the slight, dark Bengalis of the East and eat wheat and meat instead of rice and fish. The Punjabis, who dominate Pakistan's civil service, have always treated the Bengalis like poor relations, controlling the central bureaucracy and keeping the bulk of the tax money and foreign aid to themselves.

**Grand Coalition.** Mujib's cause therefore had many believers. Yahya has already assured Mujib of "maximum autonomy" for the East. This will give the Bengalis complete control over their economic planning and budget. Yahya insists, however, that the central government, located in the West at Islamabad, retain power over taxation, defense and foreign affairs.

Bhutto's spectacular showing against 19 other parties in West Pakistan was a surprise even to himself. His background as scion of a powerful landowning family from Sind province and his former friendship with Ayub were strong handicaps. But he overcame them with compelling oratory and personal magnetism. Besides, Ayub threw Bhutto in jail for three months toward the end of his rule. Campaigning on the seemingly contradictory slogan "Islam, socialism, democracy," Bhutto promised drastic land reform and the nationalization of key industries, actions that would affect his own wealth. His left-wing People's Party swept 82 of the 138 seats so far decided and is assured of winning the six seats reserved for women.

Assuming that the constitutional convention is eventually transformed into a new Assembly, Mujib could control it with the Awami League's delegates alone. Most observers believe, however, that for the sake of unity Mujib and Bhutto will form a grand coalition, on the pattern of West Germany's Christian Democratic-Socialist combinations of past years. To be sure, basic differences would make this rough going, particularly in foreign policy. Mujib is basically pro-Western, while Bhutto flirted with China when he was Foreign Minister. Moreover, Bhutto is dead set against dealing with India, while Mujib would like to normalize relations.

Whether or not they work well together, the two are likely to be working closely. The odds are that Mujib would become Prime Minister and Bhutto Deputy Prime Minister under a largely ceremonial President. Mujib certainly thinks so. When a correspondent asked him last week whether he could be congratulated as the future Prime Minister, Mujib replied archly: "You are naughty."

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### "Bad Yankee Go Home"

On Gia Long street in the seamy port of Qui Nhon, South Viet Nam's third-biggest city, two troopers from the U.S. 173rd Airborne Brigade halted their three-quarter-ton truck. Whether they stopped to shift their load, as they said, or to grab a beer or a whore, is beside the point. Within minutes, one of a legion of larcenous Vietnameseurchins surrounding the truck had made off with a fire extinguisher.

For 15 minutes, the American G.I.s drove around looking for the thief. Then they came roaring back down Gia Long street. A 15-year-old student named Nguyen Van Minh was sitting on a fence outside the Tay Son High School, smoking and reading as he waited for his afternoon classes. From the back of the U.S. truck, a soldier raised his M-16 and sent a rifle shot into the boy's forehead. Minh screamed forward, the back of his skull blown away. "His brain broke out," said a stunned eyewitness.

**Hate-Filled.** It should have come as no surprise that the shooting of Nguyen Van Minh resulted in two cathartic days of rioting by the hurt, hate-filled Vietnamese. Hostility has long been festering in South Viet Nam, on both sides. The Armed Forces Radio exhorts G.I.s daily not to toss cans at Vietnamese motorists. U.S. officials have

never denied the existence of a contingency plan in case the withdrawing Americans have to shoot their way to the beaches through hostile South Vietnamese.

After the shooting of Nguyen Van Minh, Vietnamese police and American M.P.s quickly halted the truck involved. Pfc. Matias Yzaguirre Jr., 22, a Mexican American from Brownsville, Texas, was sent to the Danang stockade, charged with negligent homicide. Shock among Minh's schoolmates turned to outrage when U.S. officials insisted that the shooting had been accidental. "It was no accident," said a witness. "He wanted to shoot the boy."

Before long 1,500 students were demonstrating in the streets of Qui Nhon beneath a quickly scarred sign in uncertain English: BAD YANKEE GO HOME. The signs in Vietnamese were more pointed: KILL THE AMERICANS.

The provincial chief, Colonel Nguyen Mong Hung, urged the students to remember that "without the Americans, you would have no school at all." But he was hooted down, and the crowd overturned U.S. vehicles and wrecked bars and restaurants frequented by Americans. The demonstrations were finally dampened by drenching rains, a curfew and unsympathetic Vietnamese troops.

**In Effigy.** Among those at Minh's Buddhist funeral was the senior U.S. civilian adviser, who paid funeral costs, provided vehicles to take the cortege back to Minh's native village for burial, and paid the family compensation of 100,000 piasters (\$250). Meanwhile in Saigon, 280 miles to the southwest, as many as 600 demonstrators showed their sympathy for the slain boy by donning white mourning headbands and burning President Nixon in effigy.

## SOVIET UNION

### Involuntary Absence

At a majestic white-tie ceremony in Stockholm's Concert Hall, seven of 1970's Nobel prizewinners gathered last week to receive their awards from King Gustav VI Adolf of Sweden. The eighth laureate, Russian Novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn, was present in spirit only. Fearful that he would not be allowed to return to Russia, Solzhenitsyn sent a letter to the Swedish Academy expressing the hope that his "involuntary absence" would not "darken" the ceremony. The Swedish Academy spokesman reportedly failed to read one sentence of Solzhenitsyn's message at the banquet: "May the people at this rich table not forget the political prisoners now on hunger strikes in protest against the total destruction of their rights."

In Moscow, friends of Solzhenitsyn said he celebrated his Nobel award, and his 52nd birthday, by attending a meeting of the unofficial "Committee for Human Rights" recently founded by the celebrated Soviet Physicist Andrei Sakharov to defend personal freedoms in the Soviet Union.



DEAD STUDENT OUTSIDE TAY SON SCHOOL  
Festering hostility on both sides.

# Khrushchev: Averting the Apocalypse

LIFE PICTURE COLLECTION

*We had installed enough missiles already to destroy New York, Chicago and the other industrial cities, not to mention a little village like Washington. I don't think America had ever faced such a real threat of destruction.*

THE moment in question was the Cuban missile crisis of October 1962, when the U.S. and the Soviet Union came closer to nuclear war than at any time before or since. The 13 days of that near-apocalypse are vividly recalled this week by one of the two men who could have given the actual orders to push the button: former Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev. Khrushchev's recollections, focusing on his years in power, are excerpted in *LIFE* and 19 foreign publications, and will appear shortly in the Little, Brown book *Khrushchev Remembers*.

**Alarming News.** Khrushchev says that in the spring of 1962, at a meeting in the Kremlin, he spoke about how Cuba's Fidel Castro had resisted the Bay of Pigs landing only a year earlier. "I said that it would be foolish to expect the inevitable second invasion to be as badly planned and executed as the first. I warned that Fidel would be crushed and said we were the only ones who could prevent such a disaster from occurring." Khrushchev found another justification: "The Americans had surrounded our own country with military bases and threatened us with nuclear weapons, and now they would learn just what it feels like."

Khrushchev began rushing intermediate-range nuclear missiles, launching equipment and Ilushin-28 bombers to Cuba. President Kennedy's dramatic response was to order a naval blockade of Cuba and to warn that the U.S. would take "whatever means may be necessary" to remove the missiles. Khrushchev grew alarmed. Seeking "to take the heat off the situation," he suggested to other members of his government: "Comrades, let's go to the Bolshoi Theater this evening. Our own people as well as foreign eyes will notice, and perhaps it will calm them down." After he and Kennedy had begun exchanging secret personal messages, he recalls, "I spent one of the most dangerous nights at the Council of Ministers offices in the Kremlin. I slept on a couch, and I kept my clothes on. I was ready for alarming news to come any moment."

**Dignified Way Out.** The break in the crisis, says Khrushchev, came with a secret visit by Robert Kennedy to Soviet Ambassador to Washington Anatoly Dobrynin. Khrushchev says that Kennedy told Dobrynin: "We are under pressure from our military to use force against Cuba. If the situation continues



CASTRO & KHRUSHCHEV IN GEORGIA  
*Dangerous night on a couch.*

much longer, the President is not sure that the military will not overthrow him and seize power." That quote is clearly suspect, suggesting that Khrushchev himself magnanimously found what he describes as "a dignified way out" of the crisis; most Western accounts give that credit to the Kennedys. In any case, Khrushchev continues: "We sent the Americans a note saying we agreed to remove our missiles and bombers on condition that the President give his assurance that there would be no invasion of Cuba." Khrushchev describes the affair as "a triumph of Soviet foreign policy and a personal triumph," in the sense that it assured a Communist future for Cuba. But he does concede that "we were obliged to make some big concessions." Public opinion in many places, he says, decided that "Khrushchev had turned coward and backed down," and even Cuba felt that the outcome was a "moral defeat."

Other gleanings from Khrushchev's memory:

**ON VIET NAM:** Before the Geneva conference of 1954, when Viet Nam was divided into North and South, Ho Chi Minh visited Moscow. The Communists had not yet scored their stunning victory at Dienbienphu and their situation was "very grave," says Khrushchev. When the Russians heard that France proposed the 17th Parallel as the dividing line at the conference, "we gasped with surprise and pleasure. The 17th Parallel was the absolute maximum we would have claimed ourselves."

**ON EISENHOWER AND DULLES:** "It was [Secretary of State John Foster Dulles] who determined foreign policy, not President Eisenhower. I watched Dulles making notes with a pencil, folding them up and sliding them under Eisenhower's hand. Eisenhower would then pick up these sheets of paper and read them before making a decision."

**ON CHINA:** "In my time we took great care never to offend China until the Chinese actually started to crucify us. And when they did start to crucify us, well, I'm no Jesus Christ, and I didn't have to turn the other cheek." On his final visit to Peking, in 1959, Khrushchev tried vainly to get Mao Tse-tung's permission to build a radio in China that would reach Soviet submarines. Mao's reply: "No! We don't want you here. We've had foreigners on our territory for years now, and we're not ever going to let anyone use our land for their own purposes again."

**ON KENNEDY:** "I joked with [President John F. Kennedy] that we had cast the deciding ballot in his election to the presidency over that son-of-a-bitch Richard Nixon. I explained that by waiting to release the U-2 Pilot [Francis] Gary Powers until after the American election, we kept Nixon from being able to claim that he could deal with the Russians; our ploy made a difference of at least half a million votes."

**Bolted Borders.** In this final installment, Khrushchev does not discuss the events leading to his own downfall in 1964. But he does offer some thoughts about life inside his vast country. "If you try to control your artists too tightly, there will be no clashing of opinions, consequently no criticism, and consequently no truth," he says. In a similar vein, he says of the country's stifling travel restrictions: "Why should we build a good life and then keep our borders bolted with seven locks?"

Recalling his widely quoted threat that Communism will "bury" America, Khrushchev says that he did not actually mean that the Soviet Union will triumph over the U.S., but that "the working class of the United States would bury its enemy, the bourgeois class." He offers surprisingly little hope for truly peaceful relations between the U.S. and the Soviet Union: "Peaceful coexistence among different ideologies is not [possible]." History may contradict Khrushchev on that and many of his other judgments. But it is not likely to overlook the earthy, peasant-born Ukrainian who rose to become a world statesman, nor to forget his singular achievement: bestowing a measure of normalcy on the Soviet Union after the bloody aberrations of Stalin's 30-year reign.

## PEOPLE

The fine art of being a Royal these days consists largely of knowing how to say the right thing at the right time. Speaking at the annual dinner of the Pillgrims, an Anglo-American society, in London, Britain's **Prince Charles** tried to keep a straight face while defending the reputation of "my great-great-great-great-grandfather George III." His ancestor, he said, "consoled himself over the loss of the American colonies with

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS—PICTORIAL



UNIVERSITY PARTY  
A waltz with Elizabeth.

the conclusion that more advantages were to be reaped from their trade as friends rather than as colonies." At the University of London, Charles' grandma, 70-year-old **Queen Mother Elizabeth**, shook a leg with the students at their annual ball. While dancing with shaggy-pated Dick Titchen, 24, in what he later described as "a sort of updated version of the waltz," she exclaimed: "Oh, what lovely hair!"

The rumor going the rounds in Saigon was that an Air Force C-141 jet transport was U.S. bound, toting a 1,000-lb. stone elephant as Christmas greetings to Hollywood's **Jill St. John** from Washington's **Henry Kissinger**. No elephant, white or otherwise, for Jill or anyone, said Kissinger. His strategy with women, he added, is "Give them nothing—it drives them crazy." Obviously, "Henry has more depth and sensitivity and integrity than anyone I've ever met—almost," breathed Miss St. John. "But when you live 3,000 miles apart, you don't see each other regularly."

Each of the Hollywood oldtimers was a veteran of the bad old days when on-screen kissing was a pretty close-mouthed business and cinematic adultery seemed something like bundling. Yet they expressed somewhat disparate views of the unbuttoned mores of modern movies. "Call me a prude or a square," said **Dorothy Lamour**, 56, "but I'm not happy with a lot of dirty movies. What we did was sex, but it was

clean sex." As samples of this phenomenon, Dorothy cited her famous sarong, "which suggested nudity," and her love scenes "in the jungle with Ray Milland—all clean, bright and happy." Big-eyed **Bette Davis**, 62, on the other hand, likes the sexual integrity of many films today. "We would have given our hats to be honest," she said. "We were handicapped in the sexual area; it made us appear dirty." She would not have been up to nude scenes, though. "I have admiration for the young woman who strips before 80 or 90 men on a set, but I could never have done it."

Profile, smile, voice, build—the man fairly vibrates with star quality, yet here he was rehearsing merely as Narrator for a performance of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* being staged by the Robert F. Kennedy Theater for Children. Naturally he would have preferred a juicier role—Scrooge, for instance. "I'd be the best Scrooge in town," said New York City's Mayor **John V. Lindsay**, currently engaged in cutting back city salaries and jobs in an economy campaign. "If I'm described by people that way, I might as well play the part."

He knew all of them by their voices, but it was the first time that "Juliet Vankee I" had seen the nine U.S. amateur radio operators who traveled to Washington to visit him at Blair House (see THE WORLD). While JY-1, who off the air is known as Jordan's **King Hussein**, sipped orange juice and talked to Hametide Mary Crider, another ham reported a radio conversation that the King had with Mary on Thanksgiving morning. Irritated by the babble of voices on the air waves, Hussein had suddenly called out: "Will everyone please be quiet? I want to talk to Mary." Obeying the royal command, operators all over the world lapsed into silence and listened in. Recalled the ham: "It was like a party line with 100,000 people on the line."

Circumnavigator **Sir Francis Chichester**, 69, plans to set out from Plymouth, England, this week for an assault on the singlehanded seaman's equivalent of the four-minute mile. In the improbable event that everything goes as he hopes it will, Chichester and his 57-ft. *Gypsy Moth V* will make Bissau, Portuguese Guinea, in 18 days, then cover the 4,000 miles of Atlantic to San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua, in 20 days—an astonishing average of 200 singlehanded miles sailed every day. The 1968 transatlantic race was won at a daily average 109.8 miles. "To increase the speed to 200 miles a day for 20 days is a very big jump indeed, for which one would need every possible advantage," says Chichester. Among other advantages, *Gypsy Moth* is carrying six bottles of brandy and two of champagne.

Oscar Epfs was the euphonious name of the painter whose one-man show just closed at the Librairie Marthe Voshy in Paris. Only eight of the 40 pictures were sold, but that was pure velvet to Artist Epfs. He is actually **Lawrence Durrell**, author of the *Alexandria Quartet*, and it seems that he has been painting since 1930 ("but never every day, only by attacks") in a style that ranges from Impressionist through surrealist to abstract. What made him decide to have the show? "You can give just so many away. Friends really don't want any more." How about that *nom de pin*—cau? "I saw Epfs in a Danish magazine, and I noticed that it couldn't be pronounced without making a grimace. And since people grimace before my painting..."

Expatriate Zillionaire **Paul Getty**, 78 this week, gave his annual Christmas party for children at his mansion in Surrey, England. The moppets, including 21 boys and girls from a Reading orphanage, played games organized by a professional entertainer, and so delighted their host that they more than made up for the fact that none of his 14 grandchildren were present.

GETTY PARTY



REPORTED—PICTORIAL



## IN (FAINT) PRAISE OF CHRISTMAS CARDS

NO, there is no escaping Christmas cards, not even in these days of recession. For better or worse, they have become one of America's unavoidable, conventional and yet curiously revelatory means of communication. Seemingly carriers of good will, their messages are both specialized and highly descriptive of the condition of U.S. society. The ready availability of MERRY CHRISTMAS, GREAT-GRANDMOTHER cards tells a lot about the longevity of the modern female; great-grandfather cards, by contrast, are less easy to find. Ethnic cards with black, brown or yellow Santas testify to the fact that the American melting pot is still bubbling, despite gloomy assertions to the contrary. Some cards even display the extent to which the celebration of Jesus' birth has become a festival for non-Christians. One this year contains a poem called *Twas the Night Before Chanukah*, which ends with a jolly fat man in "a little red yamake" urging his reindeer into the night:

*Now Izzie! Now Morris!  
Now Louis! And Sammy!  
On Irving! And Maxie!  
And Hymie and Manny!*

On the statistical average, each American adult this season will send, and receive, at least 15 cards. That means the bells of stationery store cash registers will ring up U.S. sales of \$300 million this Christmas—glad tidings to about 200 card companies. Like the automakers, the card publishers alter their models annually. Some cards now laud the joys of grass—not the kind that suburbanites mow. Others pay jovial tribute to Women's Lib: YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS—AND FOR ONE THING SHE IS FAT. The themes of "love" and "youth"—perhaps as an indirect tribute to Mr. Agnew—have replaced "peace" as the most prevalent messages this year. But most cards, as always, aim at traditional sentimentality, unabashedly celebrating the permanence of that emotion in a changing world.

To find the proper message, shoppers can browse for hours. The plethora of choice includes specific cards with appropriate illustrations for family and lovers, ministers and nuns, baby sitters and teachers, and homosexuals—both male and female. Beyond that, there are nuances to weigh. Should a card be heavily embossed, or wear what the card companies refer to as "flitter" (a grainy sparkle) or "flock" (a fuzzy felt)? And which is most appropriate: TO MY DOCTOR, TO A FINE DOCTOR, OR TO A WONDERFUL DOCTOR?

Hallmark, American Greetings, Norcross and other card companies know precisely what they are doing. With the help of market research and psychological expertise, they have isolated no fewer than 3,000 "sending situations," that define the basic religious and emotional needs of both sender and recipient. One card, for example, is designed to calm the nervous traveler with best wishes "from takeoff till landing." Another transmits to a permanent invalid "loving thoughts of you"—tactfully avoiding the conventional "get well quick." CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR NEW PAD, says a card for blacks, THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

It is understandably fashionable these days to decry greeting cards, for Christmas and other occasions, as illogical, frivolous and unnecessary. Indeed, there is something faintly ridiculous about sending a card to fellow office workers whom one sees every day or to friends and relatives who will be more personally remembered by gifts or a glut-

tonous family dinner. Still, these canned messages might well be authentic mirrors of the Middle American psyche. Moreover, doggerel composed by anonymous poetasters may compensate for the emotional inarticulateness of many people who simply lack skill with words. Consider a message such as:

*Some things mean so much to us  
We can't express them well.  
We can't put into words  
the thoughts  
Our hearts would like to tell.  
So when you read this Christmas card  
That comes to you today  
I hope you'll read between the lines  
The things my heart would say.*

On the long-distance phone, that sort of generalization would sound hollow, crass and unbearably phony, even at 45¢ a minute. But in a card—well, it resounds.

Personal letters, most people know, can be great liars, because they expose only the best qualities of their senders. What about Christmas cards? The lie no longer matters. It has been institutionalized and glistens with cool professionalism. Thus the buyer can guiltlessly sign someone else's platitudes and blithely send it as his own generous thought:

*I wish you all the merriment  
That can fill a Christmas day  
And I hope the Christmas season  
Brings special joys your way.*

In other words, *I'm still alive and well.*

According to Webster Schott, a vice president of Hallmark (and a critic of some repute), "verse is still more popular than prose, by a margin of five to one. And human affection will outsell humor twenty to one." Still, it is humor that freshens the stale feast of Christmas messages. The wit, alas, is often insipid self-parody—I BRING YOU GREETINGS . . . THAT'S ALL, JUST GREETINGS. But when they are good, the funny cards exemplify the peculiarly American gift for one-line gags. "LEON! LEON!" sings a caroler, who hurriedly explains, "I MEAN NOEL! NOEL! (Sorry, my music was backwards)." A card with the message IF A BIG FAT MAN CREEPS IN SOME NIGHT AND STUFFS YOU INTO A BAG, DON'T WORRY . . . I TOLD SANTA I WANTED YOU FOR CHRISTMAS! has a nice urban flavor in these times of worry about law-and-order.

References to sex, booze and excrement, although hardly in the yuletide spirit, are nonetheless used for their Rabelaisian potential. Most do not bear quoting, but here is a mild example: EXTENDING THE HOPE THAT OUR CARNAL RELATIONSHIP MAY CONTINUE FOR MANY YEARS TO COME. By buying nonseasonal cards, the frustrated shopper might even be able to vent the hostility that Christmas pressures frequently evoke. LET ME GET ANGRY JUST ONCE WITHOUT APOLOGIZING FOR IT WOULD seem a suitable sentiment for family and loved ones. I DON'T LIKE YOU would do for any number of minions who expect tips.

What is left for Christmas cards to say? Absolutely nothing. Even blessed silence has been preempted by cards showing misty photos of sunsets, seascapes and embracing lovers. The message is left blank. Which of course does not make the slightest difference. With cards, the medium is the message. When all is said and grumbled about, to receive them is to be grateful. Merry Christmas.

■ Philip Herrera



## EDUCATION

### Frenzy at U. Mass.

Forgettable used to be the word for the University of Massachusetts School of Education. Like many such trade schools, it trained teachers in state methods and lacked a complete graduate program. Then, two years ago, the university turned the place over to a frenetic professor of education from California named Dwight W. Allen. Ever since, it has hurtled into experiments that could turn U.S. teachers into models of sensitivity—or cause the school to self-destruct.

The ambitious son of a successful used-car dealer, Allen, 39, is one of nine American leaders of the Baha'i faith, a Persian religion resembling Unitarianism that advocates world brotherhood and universal education. A Stanford graduate, he joined the ed school faculty there, ran the Peace Corps training program, and continually tried to inspire public schools to break up their rigid schedules. The "modular" class system he advocates—16- to 20-minute periods that can be endlessly recombined for different subjects—is now used in 500 schools, from Temple City, Calif., to Sarasota, Fla.

**Out of Business.** When U. Mass. Provost (now Chancellor) Oswald Tippo approached him about heading the ed school, Allen boldly "asked for everything." To his shock, he got virtual *carte blanche*—and has used it with characteristic gusto. Draping his portly form in custom-tailored African shirts and guzzling low-calorie colas, Dean Allen first set out to whip up a graduate school. Foundations and the Federal Government agreed with his goal, came up with nearly \$4,000,000. Allen raised faculty salaries to as much as \$33,000 a year, signed on historians and economists as well as education professors, attracted 90 new doctoral candidates. Then he popped them all aboard a chartered 707 jet for a week of planning at a camp in the Rockies, where he bulled through his reforms. "A little change hurts," he soothingly told objectors, "but a lot of change doesn't hurt much more."

Heaving out the old curriculum, Allen & Co. reorganized departments into multidisciplinary "centers" that must rethink their goals every three years or automatically go out of business. Though timid undergraduates may still take old-fashioned teaching-methods courses, the adventuresome are free to gather credits where they may. In the "humanistic education" center, for example, students and professors join modified encounter groups to pinpoint the elusive emotional problems that may baffle them and the children they will teach. A doctoral student recently got credit for one self-designed unit of "watching Dwight Allen." Students also practice-teach while living full time in



DWIGHT ALLEN WITH COLA  
*Sensitivity or self-destruction?*

Philadelphia and other cities far from the ed school's Amherst campus.

This week Allen is in Washington at the White House Conference on Children, superselling his suggestion that every school system in the nation should create an "alternative" school "where change is the tradition." Said he: "Students will no longer tolerate a prurient system of education. I want useful alternatives and an atmosphere of choice."

**The First Alarm.** Allen's off-campus missionary projects (400 speeches last year) occupy him four days a week, and even though he often starts his on-campus days at 4:30 a.m., troubles are building up. Ironically, the new ed school

shows signs of tripping into some of the intellectual vacuity that marked its pre-Allen days. Administrative procedures are disorganized; last summer the state auditor's office sounded the first alarm in a probable public reaction by charging that the school's books were too vague.

So far, Allen has retained the overall support of Chancellor Tippo, but he admits he has made some mistakes and expects to make more. He is convinced that taking risks is the only way to change the school, and most of his faculty agree. "Dwight Allen promises more than he can deliver," sighs one professor, "but he always delivers more than you expect."

### Varsity Girls

Two years ago, the athletic director at Julia Barash's high school in Monroe, N.Y., refused to let her try out for the school's varsity tennis team—an all-male squad. His shaky ground: state regulations say that girls just don't compete with boys. Julia appealed to the state education department. Advised by counsel that Julia would win a court case in straight sets, the department defaulted. She promptly became Monroe's top player and pulled the team out of the cellar into a tie for first place.

To convince diehard objectors, state officials launched a re-examination of the traditional notion that "it is not yet socially acceptable for a girl to defeat a boy." Now the results are in and varsity sexism is on the way out. More than 100 New York high schools accepted the department's delicate invitation to test girls as competitors in "non-contact" sports like tennis, golf, bowling, riflery, swimming and track. Neither boys, coaches, parents nor girls themselves reported any bad effects once initial joshing wore off. Indeed, the sexes seemed to play extra hard to outdo each other. As a result, the state's board



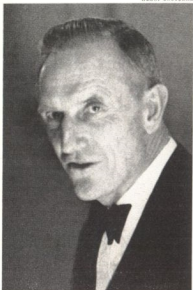
INTEGRATED RIFLE TEAM IN SUBURBAN N.Y. HIGH SCHOOL  
*Once joshing wears off, no bad effects.*

of regents is being asked to allow such integration all over the state, though not in football and other mauling sports. As for Julia, she is now a tennis star at Cornell—on the women's team.

### Spurning a Giver

What happens when a philanthropist wants to help activist students? Take the case of John D. Rockefeller III. Long concerned about the gap between businessmen and young people, he set up a task force to advise him. Then last week he appeared at Massachusetts' newly opened Hampshire College to declare that since young people have been committed to solving social problems for some time, "the main responsibility

HENRY GROSSMAN



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER III  
*Turned down for doing his thing.*

for reconciliation now rests with the Establishment."

Rockefeller backed up his conclusion with an offer of \$25,000 to a consortium of students and faculty members from Hampshire and the nearby campuses of Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Amherst and the University of Massachusetts. The money was to pay expenses while the consortium decided on a social-improvement project for the Connecticut River valley and enlisted the aid of local firms in carrying it out. "It is right," Rockefeller added, "for older people to be pushed."

At that, the student members of the consortium began pushing him. Suspicious that Rockefeller was doing his thing and not theirs, they protested that they had not had time to consider the gift properly—and turned it down. They might reconsider, they said, after the matter was aired in campus forums.

Rockefeller gamely called their hesitancy "appropriately cautious and constructive." He also agreed not to spend the money on anything else until the students make up their minds.

## Give a little craftsmanship for Christmas.

The men who make Seagram's Benchmark still believe a job should be done the old-fashioned way — with skill, dedication, great care. Craftsmanship like this has to make a pretty special Bourbon. Don't you think it should make a pretty special gift, too?



Seagram's Benchmark Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Louisville, Ky.

## ENVIRONMENT

### Week's Watch

Reacting to charges that leaded gasoline is a prime source of air pollution, the Buffalo city council has adopted the nation's first anti-lead ordinance. Starting next September, all service stations in the city must have at least one pump for low-leaded gas. In 1976, the sale of gas with more than one-half gram of lead per gallon will be prohibited. The goal by Jan. 1, 1980: no leaded gas in Buffalo. Meanwhile, Akron has ordered a ban on the sale of detergents containing phosphates by June 30, 1972. Offenders will be slapped with fines ranging from \$100 to \$300 and jail sentences up to a maximum six months.

Bruce McDuffie is a chemistry professor at the State University of New York at Binghamton. When a student suggested recently that he "test some tuna" for mercury, McDuffie analyzed cans of Grand Union tuna that he took from his kitchen shelf. To his astonishment, the first can tested at .75 parts per million of mercury, 50% above the .5-ppm level considered safe by the Food and Drug Administration. How did the mercury, an industrial waste, taint the tuna, which live in mid-ocean? No one yet knows. But following FDA tests of Grand Union and Van Camp brands last week, thousands of cans of tuna have been removed from stores in six states, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico, where the tuna was originally packed.

Dumping bilge oil at sea is a naval routine as old as diesel-powered ships. But when Navy ships recently dumped 637,000 gal. of sludge and oil off Mayport, Fla., threatening resort beaches along the Florida coast, the public outcry was heard in Washington. Testifying before a Senate subcommittee chaired by Senator Edmund Muskie last week, Navy Secretary John H. Chafee frankly admitted that the dumpings violated "the spirit and intent of legislation signed by the President [the Environmental Protection Act of 1970] only eight months ago." The Navy, he promised, will belay such practices from now on. Still not impressed, Muskie called the Mayport foul-up "incredible," and added that it casts doubt on the Government's ability to enforce its own rules.

### Population Package

The U.S. has spent millions to help other nations contain their burgeoning populations. At home, it has often treated birth control as an embarrassing subject. Last week Congress faced the facts by passing the Family Planning Services and Population Research Act of 1970. When President Nixon signs it into law, the U.S. will start spending \$382 million to put into practice at home what it has preached abroad.

The biggest bundle in the three-year



Everything but abortions.

budget (\$236 million) will be used for grants to nonprofit organizations to establish and expand family-planning clinics. Offering medical advice and contraceptives, by request, such clinics will aim to help low-income groups.

In addition, the bill will benefit all Americans by setting up an Office of Population Affairs in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The new office will disburse grants for research in areas including what Kentucky Congressman Tim Lee Carter calls "acceptable" methods of cheaper, easier birth control. Abortion, which was carefully excluded in a last-minute amendment, is unacceptable.

### The Bug as Garbage Man

It is no secret that U.S. waters contain noxious substances like DDT, lead and mercury. The mystery is how to remove them. The pollutants are dissolved in such microscopic particles that they cannot be sifted or scooped out by chemical or mechanical means.

Researchers have lately pondered the fact that aquatic organisms (fish, plankton, diatoms, insect larvae) concentrate the dissolved pollutants in their bodies. That fact led Robert Metcalf, head of the University of Illinois' zoology department, to a fascinating idea: Why not use certain insects to sop up the pollutants?

**Breaking the Cycle.** In a report to the Entomological Society of America, Metcalf pointed out that mosquitoes, May flies, midges and stone flies spend a great part of their lives as larvae in the water before metamorphosing into their more familiar buzzing selves. In a controlled experiment, Metcalf built a small tank to duplicate the ecosystem of a lake and its shore. He discovered that adult mosquitoes leaving the tank contained concentrations of DDT 100,-

000 times as strong as could be found in the water itself.

Left to die a natural death, the insects would decompose and the next rain would wash their internal cargo of long-lived pesticides and toxic metals back into the water supply. But Metcalf proposes breaking the natural cycle. Since the insects are attracted to light, they can easily be caught in standard, electrically illuminated traps. One night Metcalf captured 300,000 adult midges in a single trap. They can then be burned at high enough temperatures to break down the pesticides.

Metcalf estimates that Lake Michigan contains 10,000 lbs. of dissolved DDT. About 50 trillion insects leave the lake annually, each one containing .0000001 gram of the pesticide. If 10% of the bugs were trapped and burned every year—and no more DDT was sprayed around the watershed—the lake could be free of the pesticide in a decade.

**Oil Eaters.** Other scientists are trying to make use of the long-known fact that some bacteria "eat" oil. Can this be applied to oil spills at sea? Though well-funded research projects are under way at such famous oceanographic centers as Rutgers University and Florida State University, the most promising results have come from a small, modestly financed firm in Springfield, Va. Going beyond most other researchers, Biotechnika International Inc. has produced a special microbe "cocktail" that seems to break oil down into carbon dioxide, water, sugars and proteins—all of which enhance marine life.

The cocktail is one man's response to the *Torrey Canyon* spill off England in 1967. Appalled by the damage (\$31.5 million) and the inadequate methods used to deal with it (detergents, napalm), Microbiologist Edward N. Azarowicz sought organisms that can eat all the chemicals in oil. No business or government agency would back him. As a result, Azarowicz quit his job at Atlantic Research Corp. in 1968 to devote full time to microbe hunting. With \$2,000 of his own and a little help from his scientist friends, he found 19 kinds of land-based microbes that he calls "oil-eager eaters." He mixes these with one species of sea microbe, plus special proteins to give the bacteria a "running start" on crude oil. Tested recently on experimental oil spills in Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac River, the bugs devoured 100-sq.-ft. layers of oil in four days. Cost: between \$1 and \$2 per gallon of oil—about half the cost of using less effective detergents.

In a few months Biotechnika will start making freeze-dried pellets of the basic bacterial cocktail (different kinds of oil need slightly different mixtures). The product can be flown to the site of an oil spill and simply dropped onto it. Once the microbes hit the water, they return to voracious life. When all the oil is gone, they quickly starve to death. Their remains then become safe food for other forms of life.



Some people really know how to give.

Seagram's V.O. Very smooth. Very special. Very Canadian.



CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES, 6 YEARS OLD, 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. GIFT-WRAPPED AT NO EXTRA CHARGE.



# The gift you never stop opening.

With a Polaroid Land camera, it's one set of goose bumps after the next.

Beautiful color pictures, a minute after you take them.

Black-and-white in 15 seconds.

Just seeing what you can give for the money may be a surprise in itself.

## **The Colorpack II, under \$30.**

Beautiful color pictures in a minute, at a beautiful price. Electronic shutter and electric eye for automatic exposures. Sharp 3-element lens. Drop-in pack film loading. Built-in flash for 4-shot flashcubes.

## **The Model 320, under \$60.**

The most economical in our popular line of folding cameras. Coupled rangefinder-viewfinder lets you focus as you shoot. Electronic shutter and electric eye read and set exposures automatically—even for flash. Detachable camera cover and carrying strap.

## **The Model 330, under \$80.**

A lot more gift for a little more money. Built-in mechanical timer automatically tells you when your picture's ready. Transistorized electronic shutter. Precise triplet lens that can use optional filters. Double

image rangefinder-viewfinder for easy focusing.

## **The Model 340, under \$100.**

One of the most sophisticated cameras you can give for under \$100. Takes indoor black-and-white shots without flash. Built-in development timer. Foldaway rangefinder-viewfinder. Four film speed settings. Handles a whole list of optional accessories such as close-up and portrait attachments.

## **The Model 350, under \$160.**

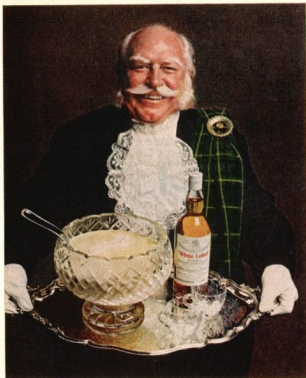
How automatic can you get? Built-in electronic timer "beeps" when your picture is perfectly developed. Takes automatic time exposures up to 10 seconds. Electronic shutter and electric eye. Single-window Zeiss Ikon rangefinder-viewfinder. Handsome all-metal body with brushed chrome finish.

## **The Model 360, under \$200.**

The most self-sufficient camera in the world. Snap-on electronic flash. (At 1/1000th of a second it can stop the action of a teenage party.) Recharges on ordinary house current. Electronic development timer. Triplet lens and Zeiss Ikon rangefinder-viewfinder. Four exposure ranges: Two color, two black-and-white.



**Polaroid Land Cameras**



# Authentic.

## Athole Brose to you.

Athole is a small town in the craggy mountains near Perth, Scotland.

Brose is the Scottish word for brew.

Athole Brose is a Scotch drink concocted many years ago to warm the festive soul on important occasions such as St. Andrew's Day (Scotland's patron Saint), Christmas and Hogmanay, or New Year's Eve.

- 1 cup honey (preferably  
heather honey from Scotland)
- 1½ to 2 cups heavy sweet cream
- 2 cups Dewar's "White Label"  
Scotch Whisky

Heat honey, and when it thins slightly, stir in cream. Heat together, but do not boil. Remove from heat and slowly stir in whisky. Athole Brose may be served hot or chilled. Makes 4 to 6 servings. (If you would like even a little more touch of Scotland, soak 1 cup oatmeal in two cups water overnight. Strain and mix liquid with other ingredients.)

Athole Brose made with Dewar's "White Label" is a warm and sturdy brew. Against the cold of the winter months it will bring good cheer. And as happens with many things at this time of year, its long, authentic history seems to add a little comfort to the holiday season.

**DEWAR'S**  
"White Label"



*Give the Scotch  
that never varies*



## MEDICINE

### Finding a Cancer Clue

Of the numerous types of cancer, few are more dreaded than acute leukemia. The disease, which often afflicts the young, is characterized by an uncontrolled proliferation of certain white blood cells, which gradually crowd out the vital red blood cells. The cause of this lethal rampage is not yet clear, but what may be a crucial clue has just been reported in *Nature* by Dr. Robert C. Gallo of the National Cancer Institute. His findings could point the way to a leukemia cure.

Carefully examining the white blood cells of 48 healthy people and three leukemia patients, Gallo and two colleagues—Stringer S. Yang and Robert C. Ting of the Biometrics Research Laboratories—discovered a small but possibly critical difference. The white cells of the leukemia victims showed the presence of an enzyme known as RNA-dependent DNA polymerase; the cells of the normal people did not. The presence of the enzyme suggested that it may play a key role in the development of the disease.

**Deadly Message.** Gallo's hypothesis tends to support the iconoclastic ideas of Howard Temin, a University of Wisconsin molecular biologist who long espoused what his colleagues considered a major heresy. According to accepted theory, the hereditary information in the chromosomes of all cells passes in the same direction. Double-stranded DNA molecules make single-stranded messenger RNA molecules, which then direct the production of proteins, the basic building blocks of every cell. Temin contended that the process is sometimes reversed; RNA, he insisted, could make DNA. Otherwise, he asked, how could cancer-causing viruses—which consist of bundles of RNA sheathed in protein—inject their deadly message into normal cells?

Last summer Temin and other molecular biologists produced strong experimental evidence that RNA viruses may indeed be capable of producing their own DNA (TIME, July 20). Columbia University's Sol Spiegelman confirmed it. He demonstrated how an enzyme, or natural chemical catalyst, can cause tumors in laboratory animals by a DNA-RNA reversal. As Temin had postulated, the enzyme turned out to be RNA-dependent DNA polymerase. But a question remained: Was the same enzyme also present in human cancer?

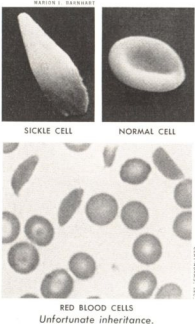
By detecting the enzyme in human leukemia cells—something that has also been done by Spiegelman's team—the scientists may have discovered an important diagnostic tool. Testing for the presence of the enzyme may now help doctors to identify leukemia in its earliest stages. And early identification is almost always the first step toward a cure. If the enzyme is proved to be at

the heart of the process resulting in leukemia, it should be possible to find chemicals that suppress it.

Gallo and other investigators are already searching. One likely candidate is an antibiotic called N-dimethylframpicin. This chemical has already proved effective in the laboratory in inhibiting the activity of the suspect enzyme. In the future, such chemicals may be able to work their magic in man.

### Discriminating Disease

Sickle-cell anemia is a truly discriminating disease: 99% of its U.S. victims are black. The result of a genetic mutation that occurred in Africa centuries ago, it reduces susceptibility to ma-



laria in the 8% to 10% of U.S. Negroes who carry it. But in those (about 1%) actually harmed by it, periodic crises distort the normally spherical red blood cells into crescent-like ("sickle") structures, which then block the narrow capillaries. This deprives nearby tissues of needed oxygen and causes severe pain. The disease kills at least half its victims before the age of 20; only a handful live beyond 40, and most are crippled long before death.

Medicine still has no cure for this inherited illness. But a team of Michigan medical researchers has just announced a discovery that offers new relief for sickle-cell sufferers. By treating the patient with a solution of urea and invert sugar, say the researchers, the sickling tendency can be reversed and the misshapen cells returned to normal.

**Cautious Encouragement.** The Michigan team, led by Dr. Robert Nalbandian of Blodgett Memorial Hospital in Grand Rapids, owes its discovery to the work

of another researcher, Makio Murayama of the National Institutes of Health. Murayama discovered that the sickle-cell shape is caused by an abnormal bonding between hemoglobin molecules in the red cells. Using this knowledge, Nalbandian's team decided to try urea, a waste substance produced by the normal human liver and excreted in the urine. As they knew, urea can dissolve certain types of molecular bonds. Their experiment worked: urea broke the bond between the hemoglobin molecules, halted the sickling effect, and relieved the victims' pain.

Nalbandian's team is cautiously optimistic about its discovery. Earlier attempts to treat sickle-cell anemia with alkalis and antihistamines either failed or produced undesirable side effects. But Nalbandian's treatment, tested on 25 patients at four major hospitals, has thus far proved safe and effective.

### Debate Over Diabetes

The Food and Drug Administration jumped into a medical dispute this fall when it warned doctors to restrict their use of tolbutamide, an orally administered antidiabetes drug. Now the dispute has grown into an angry battle. Meeting recently in Boston, 34 of the nation's leading diabetologists joined forces to denounce the FDA warning and question the study upon which it was based.

The disagreement began last June when the FDA received a sobering report from the University Group Diabetes Program, an organization of twelve medical schools that had been studying the oral drug. The study, which followed 823 diabetics for eight years, found that the death rate from cardiovascular diseases was twice as high among patients on tolbutamide as it was among those on insulin treatments or placebos. As a result, the FDA recommended that tolbutamide be used only in cases in which the established treatments—dieting and insulin injections—had proved ineffective.

**Violent Reaction.** The dissident diabetologists accused the FDA of "unprecedented interference with the practice of medicine," and charged it with damaging the welfare of a million diabetics. As for the U.G.D.P. report, they noted that all diabetics are susceptible to cardiovascular disease. The study included unusually sick diabetics, they argued, so it was unfairly weighted against oral drugs. Because the raw data are still unpublished, the protesters added, the findings are almost impossible to refute.

The complete U.G.D.P. study will, in fact, be published later this month in *Diabetes*, a journal devoted to the disease. But in the absence of new evidence, the FDA's decision is likely to stand. Its impact has been enormous. The 34 protesters say that they will continue to use tolbutamide. But many other doctors, fearing possible malpractice suits, are refusing to write prescriptions for oral antidiabetes drugs of any kind.

# HOW TO GIVE YOURSELF A FIGHTING CHANCE IN A TV SHOWROOM.

There you are surrounded by row after row of screen after screen, control after control, claim after claim.

The color tv industry has you totally confused by too much of a good thing.

And since our company, Sylvania, is part of the industry, the least we can do is try to give you a clearer picture.

To do that, we'll explain just what to look for in the four most important tv areas. The picture tube. The tuner. The chassis. And the price tag.

## ONE PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND NAMES.

The color tv industry uses a lot of complicated names for its picture tubes.

But basically, in big-screen color sets there are only two kinds.

One gives you a nice, bright picture made up of color dots. (Sylvania has this in most of its lower-priced sets.)

The other gives you an even nicer, brighter picture made up of color dots that are each surrounded by a black field. (Sylvania has this in 28 of its big-screen sets.)

Naturally, you'll want the brightest picture your eyes and your budget can agree on. And the only way to find it is to go looking from set to set.

But brightness alone is not enough. It'll put more light in light colors. But it'll also put more light in dark colors. So there's less color separation. This can make your tv picture look faded.

The trick is that with brightness, you need contrast. So light colors stay light. And dark colors stay dark.

It's the right combination of brightness and contrast that gives you a sharp picture.

And guess who gives you the sharpest big-screen picture you can buy?

But don't take our word for it.

Test every color tv you look at by seeing how easy it is to count the hairs on people's heads.

## TWIST, TURN, PUSH.

You wouldn't buy a car without test-driving it. Don't buy a color tv without test-tuning it.

You'll find manual fine-tuning on the lower-priced color sets.

But A.F.C. (Automatic Frequency Control) is more in keeping with the Push-Button Age. (Sylvania and most other companies have it on their better sets.) You twist a dial to the right channel. Then you push the A.F.C. button and your picture is fine-tuned for you automatically. Probably better than you could

fine-tune it yourself.

Even more in keeping with the Push-Button Age is Sylvania's Instant Push-Button tuning (which you'll find on their best models). You just push a button to select a channel. And at the same time you get a perfectly fine-tuned picture, electronically. There's absolutely no wear and tear. On you or your tuner.

To find out which tuner to get, check each one. First with your eyes. Then with your budget.

## THE FRINGE ELEMENT.

But no matter how good it is, a tuner alone won't help you in a fringe area. (And a fringe area doesn't just mean miles from civilization. It can mean right next to a tall building.)

What will help is something called an I.F. (Intermediate Frequency) stage. It amplifies a weak or obstructed signal so it can appear as a picture on your set.

To bring in a good picture in a fringe area you need a minimum of 3 I.F. stages.

Every Sylvania color set will give you at least that many. Some even have 4. Ask the salesman to come up with the I.F. figures for every set he shows you. He'll look at you in a whole new light.

## SOLID STATE VS. TUBES.

Solid state means using transistors, diodes and integrated circuits instead of tubes.

The more solid state a set is, the less heat it will build up. Chances are the fewer repairs it will need. And the longer it will last.

But not all companies make solid state color sets. (Sylvania is one that certainly does. They have 10 models that are 100% solid state. And all their other big-screen color sets are at least 75% solid state.) So make sure you ask the salesman just how solid state each set is.

And while you're at it, ask whether the transistors are the plug-in type (like Sylvania's) that are as easy to service as a tube. At this point the salesman may even offer you a job.

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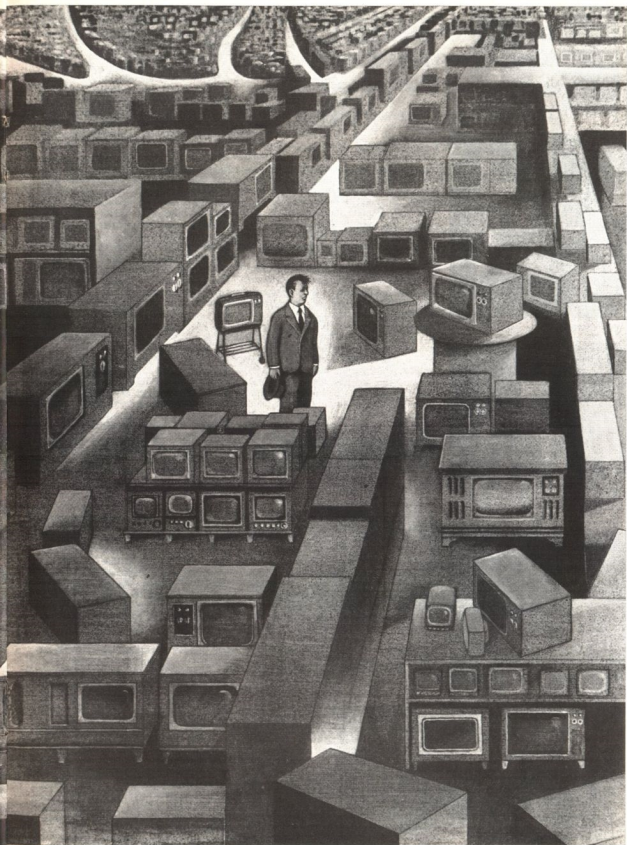
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## SHOW BUSINESS



NABOKOV

### Profit Without Honor

*It was perfectly all right for me to imagine a twelve-year-old Lolita. She only existed in my head. But to make a real twelve-year-old girl play such a part would be sinful and immoral, and I will never consent to it.*

—Vladimir Nabokov



MANHATTAN LOLITA ASPIRANT



INTERVIEW



TRYOUT SCENE IN MANHATTAN



LERNER

That was the novelist's original resolve when Hollywood first sought the movie rights to his *Lolita* in 1958. But one evening he dreamed that he was reading the screenplay; overnight, Nabokov came to the age of consent. An offer of \$150,000 did not exactly dissuade him, and he agreed to do the script himself. James Mason was cast as obsessive old Humbert Humbert, with Sue Lyon, then 14, in the title role of the stepdaughter who seduced him. Everybody said the adaptation could not be done, and they were right. But the pallid, bowdlerized film did gross about 2½ times its \$1,900,000 cost.

Having profited if not learned from the experience, Nabokov in 1969 dealt away the rights to turn *Lolita* into—what else?—a Broadway musical. While the author seemed calm at the prospect, readers who consider the novel a masterpiece could only be horrified at what Broadway might do to *Lolita*. At any rate, this time Nabokov decided not to be a party to the adaptation himself. He waived script approval, though he did retain veto power over the choice of the adapter and composer. As it happened, Librettist Alan Jay Lerner (*My Fair Lady*, *Coco*) was at that very moment inquiring about *Lolita*. Nabokov, who had never seen a Lerner musical, listened to some of the original-cast albums, met him, and was satisfied. "Mr. Lerner," he said, "is most talented and an excellent classicist. If you have to make a musical version of *Lolita*, he is the one to do it." Composer John Barry, who scored the James Bond films, *Midnight Cowboy* and has won three Oscars, also passed Nabokov's muster.

**Fascinating Experiment.** With them approved, CBS agreed to make what Producer Norman Twain (*Bajour*) called "a substantial, six-figure investment" in what was to be a \$650,000 production. The timetable was set. Rehearsals would begin in January, followed by an out-of-town shakedown in Philadelphia and the Broadway opening March 30.

But what about a cast? Producer Twain thought, rightly (after the film), that James Mason was wrong for Humbert, Richard Burton was an early choice, but after one musical (Lerner's *Camelot*), Burton decided: "I have no desire to repeat this fascinating but exciting experiment." In his place will go John Neville, 45, a first-rank British actor. "When I was first approached," he admits, "my feeling was that I didn't see how it could be done with taste.

But I trust Lerner." (Presumably, *Coco* Chanel also trusts Lerner.)

The title role, naturally, is far more ticklish. The novel described Lolita as a "mixture of tender dreamy childishness and a kind of eerie vulgarity." And, as Humbert said, "you have to be an artist and a madman with a bubble of hot poison in your loins and a super-voluptuous flame permanently aglow in order to discern by certain ineffable signs the little deadly demon among the wholesome children."

Twain and Lerner, according to their pressagent, pursued their demon "nationwide" among "professional children's schools, teen-age beauty contest sponsors and drama departments of high schools." Their casting call at Manhattan's Billy Rose Theater produced several dozen girls from Flushing and thereabouts. But they were mostly over-age, self-consciously oversexed or over-playing Sue Lyon. "It was so much better," Twain discovered, "in California. The girls there were fantastic—completely sexual, but in an unaware way."

As of last week, though, Twain was still "cooling off" on the decision, but convinced "Lolita will come from California. It's down to one or two," he said. "We're waiting a while because these girls aren't going anywhere. Walt Disney's not knocking down their door."

### Mammon Tabernacle Choir

If there are any truly American sounds, one is surely the radio station break, complete with fragmentary tune and a slick chorus—"Double-yew Emmm Eeee Eilll, Light and Lively!" Blame it on Pepper & Tanner of Memphis, those wonderful folks who also brought you "Hey, Culligan Man" and the Roto-Rooter jingle ("... and away go troubles down the drain").

Not content with producing commercials and 70% of all the station identifications that racket through the middle ear of Middle America, P. & T. is now seeping into the semiconsciousness of the whole world. The BBC's pop network is overrun with Pepper & Tanner jingles ("It's what's happening... Radio One"). So is station Rediffusion Singapore. For the state radio system of Malawi, P. & T. tapes are dubbed in Chitumbuka, a native dialect. It was P. & T., naturally, which prerecorded the "This Is Apollo Weather" parody "intros" played by the astronauts during the Apollo 12 moon shot.

**The Fun One.** Servicing its universal clientele, P. & T. spins out some 38,000 tapes a month, all of them rendered by one of two groups consisting of four or five singers each. By overlaying three separate tracks, a P. & T. quartet can sound like Fred Waring and everyone in Pennsylvania, or, on commercials, like the massed voices of a Mammon Tabernacle Choir.

The arrangements are the work of



four musicians recruited from groups like the Stan Kenton band and the Harmonicats. True virtuosos of the pop spectrum, the four compose jingles to suit every current radio-station format—top 40, soul, middle of the road, easy listening, country and western, and subtle variations in between. One of the composers is a master of the Moog Synthesizer and the sophisticated electronic effects that are increasingly in vogue.

P. & T. also has a house lyricist, Garry Wells, a sometime *Laugh-In* writer, who crafts promotion slogans and monthly gag tapes taken by many stations. Usually identifying themselves as "The Fun One" in their towns, these subscribers broadcast intermittent programming spoofs ("Notre Dame 20, William and Mary 6 each") and sappy little one-liners ("I know my wife is trying to poison me—she wants me to eat at home").

"The most difficult thing," says Cyd Mosteller, the group's leggy alto singer, "is having to be cheerful at 8:30 in the morning." But it beats three-a-night club gigs and the hassles of band tours that the P. & T. singers used to endure. Their annual take is \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year. The composers make about the same. Unlike the two vocal groups, however, they are not played out by the 3:30 p.m. quitting time, and can moonlight for another \$10,000 annually. Though they all probably get more air play than Streisand, Jagger or Bacharach put together, P. & T. staffers are paid no residuals or ASCAP royalties.

**Racer's Edge.** P. & T. charges a big-city station up to \$25,000 for a "customized concept" and reel of round-the-clock jingles. A tiny cellopet of a station that does not require the Moog Synthesizer or fancy arrangements may get its custom image for as little as \$690, or perhaps a combination of cash and commercial time. P. & T. gets reimbursed by reselling those commercial minutes to such spot clients as Orkin pest control, Safeway supermarkets, or STP ("is the racer's edge").

In the ad game, that is known as "the barter system"; it was the basis on which the firm's president, William Tanner, 40, established P. & T. back in 1961. A musically illiterate promoter from Missouri whose previous experience included "chopping cotton" and running a fertilizer plant, Tanner took over Memphis' money-losing Pepper Records. Driving from station to station, he traded reels of identification jingles for free commercial time for Ever-Dry Deodorant, a company of which Tanner also happened to be national sales manager.

Today, bartering is more lucrative than jingle making. Sixteen different divisions of the company are constantly trading off radio spots for Cadillacs, fur coats, Las Vegas hotel space and airline credit. Currently, Pepper & Tanner has at its disposal \$27 million worth of spot time on U.S. stations. Last year the corporation grossed upwards of \$40 million.

## Now possible to get new Government list of "tar" content of cigarettes, free.

Send for your copy, courtesy of

**Carlton, lowest in "tar"**

**of all filter kings tested.**

**Only 3.6 mg...less "tar"**

**than 99.9% of all cigarettes sold.**

If you're interested in a cigarette that has low "tar," you've probably seen the "tar" numbers appearing in cigarette advertisements these days. One brand says: "15 mg of tar." Another says: "14 mg." Another says: "12.6."

Latest U.S. Government figures show Carlton is lowest of all filter kings tested, with only 3.6 mg of "tar."

In fact, the U.S. Government figures show that Carlton has less "tar" than 99.9% of all cigarettes sold.

If you would like the U.S. Government list of "tar" figures, we'll be glad to mail you a copy. Just send your name and address to:

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We've got programs for bankers, bakers, oil men, cattlemen. We've got 299 different programs just for statistical analysis; 174 just for operations research; 89 general-business programs for billing, payroll, sales analysis and the like. And every one that's shipped is checked on one of seven IBM computers at the library.

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And that is why we're the company behind the computer.

**IBM®**

**The company behind the computer.**

# SPORT



YAKKING IT UP AT WEIGH-IN



POUNDING AWAY IN THE RING



COOL CATS IN THE CROWD  
Almost a prediction on himself.

## Two Down, One to Go

Muhammad Ali was flabbergasted. Oscar Bonavena, the hulking, beetle-browed Argentine with only a halting command of English, was beating the Louisville Lip to the surly quip. Calling Ali a "black kangaroo" and a "maricón" (faggot), Bonavena boasted that he would knock out the deposed champion in Round 11. "Imagine that!" exclaimed Ali. "Him predictin' on me!" At their pre-fight physical, Oscar tweaked Ali's cheek. Ali started to lunge at Oscar. "Why you so nervous?" said the Argentine. "You afraid Oscar and his beg muscles?" Ali: "You're not good enough to touch me." Oscar: "Not good? Me white, you black, You smell. Why you no use perfume?" Ali: "Never predict on me. Never do that, you hear?" Oscar: "Why you no go in Army? You chicken? Cheep, cheep, cheep." Ali again reached for Oscar. "Don't touch me," warned Bonavena, "or I kill now."

By the time last week's bout began, it was clear that Ali had never met a man quite like Bonavena—either outside the ring or in it. An unorthodox, wildly swinging club fighter, Bonavena is a granite block of a man who had never been knocked out while winning 46 of 54 fights. It is so crude he can make the classiest opponents look bad. Heavyweight Champion Joe Frazier found out

the hard way: in the process of winning two decisions from Oscar, the champ was flattened twice and had to suffer through 25 punishing rounds. Now it was Ali's turn. He was still fresh from a swift third-round T.K.O. and he needed a real tune-up before his own bout with Frazier.

On fight night last week, a capacity crowd of 19,417 jammed Madison Square Garden and paid \$615,401—the largest gate ever recorded for a non-title bout. Ali, who forsook his limousine for the subway so he could accompany the "little people" to the fight, turned out in red trunks and white shoes with dangling red tassels ("Bulls don't like red," he explained). Like a matador, he toyed with Bonavena through the early rounds, circling his lumbering opponent and stabbing him with jolting lefts. Oscar, a 6-to-1 underdog, kept wading in, pounding away at the body until, by the eighth round, Ali was noticeably slowed. In the ninth—the round Ali predicted he would knock out Oscar—Muhammad came alive briefly, rocked Bonavena with a stiff right and then was tagged himself by a thunderous left hook. "For a moment," Ali said later, "I thought I was predictin' on myself."

**Crunching Hook.** Aware that he was way ahead on points, Ali coasted through the late rounds until a few of the fans began booing and fling out of the Garden. They should have stayed. In the final round, Ali caught Oscar with a crunching left hook to the jaw that sent the Argentine to the canvas. Bonavena struggled up at the count of eight, and Ali decked him again. At that point, Bonavena's corner tossed in the towel. No one saw it, and Oscar wobbled to his feet to be dropped again by an Ali flurry. The three knockdowns constituted an automatic T.K.O. for Ali. Afterward, Ali allowed that Oscar was "the toughest fighter I ever met." Oscar reciprocated. "You no chicken," he told Ali. "Frazier no win you."

Frazier, naturally, disagreed. "Clay made some mistakes that he'd better not make against me or it'll be hello, look out, goodbye." Ali summed it up another way: "They wanted to see if I

could go the distance, and I went the distance. They wanted to see if I could take a punch, and I took more punches than I have in all my other fights. They wanted to see if I could punch, and I proved it by stopping a man who'd never been stopped."

## The Wild-Goose Man

The fluty call of a curlew heralds the first light of dawn. A faraway widgeon whistles to its companions. And off in the dark shallows, a flock of shelduck guffaw at one another like wee-hour carousers wending their way home. MacKenzie Thorpe is in his natural habitat. He is guiding three "guns" across the desolate marshlands of Lincolnshire on England's east coast. Bowlegged and bearded, he creeps through the high grass like some hungry predator, his burly hulk seemingly impervious to the chill wind knifing off the North Sea. Climbing a creek bank, one of the hunters stumbles. "Watch yer don't jam yer moozle in the mood," warns Thorpe. In the lifting darkness, the hunters flush a pair of teal. Thorpe takes no notice. His quarry is not duck but the prized pink-footed goose. Positioning the hunters along a flyway, Thorpe raises his nose and sniffs the wind. His squinty blue eyes search the horizon. Then, lifting his face to the gray sky, he emits a series of harsh, high-pitched cries: "Ung-unk! Ung-unk! Ung-unk! Ung-unk!"

MacKenzie Thorpe has been stalking through the Lincolnshire marshes for most of his 62 years. Hunter, guide, marsh warden, bird advisory officer, conservationist, naturalist and lecturer, he is a legendary figure in British wildlife circles. He is called Kenzie the Wild-Goose Man. He is also the Owl Man, the Weasel Man, the Finch Man—a caller of the wild who can lure a hare from its hole or a baby seal onto the beach. Thorpe can mimic 88 different bird calls, ranging from the swallow's high titter to the low cluck of the red-legged partridge and the sexy whistle of the gray plover.

His sternest test comes each winter when the great pinkfeet migrate from Iceland to roost in the wheat and potato fields of Lincolnshire. Considered



Britain's ranking expert on wild geese, Thorpe has banded the pinkfoot for conservation, painted it on canvas, filmed it, shot 3,800 himself and instructed countless other guns—from the Queen Mother's private secretary to Actor Richard Todd—on the wily ways of "the loveliest bird that flies." The call of the pinkfoot, says Thorpe, is the most difficult to imitate. By recording the geese's ringing ung-unk on tape, he learned to distinguish between the gander's imperious high bark and the lower cry of the female. Out on the marshes he does both, relying on "sturdy vocal cords and plenty of cover."

**Seven for Eight.** The Wild-Goose Man knows all about cover. Until a few years ago he held another unofficial title: prince of the poachers. Son of a gypsy father who migrated south from Yorkshire, Thorpe was raised in Sutton Bridge, a marsh village of flight netters and punt gunners who thrived on wild-fowling. His grandmother, a formidable woman named Leviathan, was famed for her skill at pouncing on nesting pheasants and sweeping up both birds and eggs in her petticoats. After graduating from slingshot to birdshot, Thorpe began poaching in earnest at the age of 13. "I had a stolen gun and stolen cartridges," he recalls, "and the first time I fired it, I got seven hares for eight shots."

Turning professional at 20, he eluded capture for over a decade by studying the gamekeepers—their habits, their movements, their hours spent in the pubs—as closely as he did the geese. From this intelligence he formed a kind of primer for poachers: "Know your ground, your ditches, your roadways on which a car can approach in the evenings without its headlights on. Never go to the same place twice running. The keeper will find your footprints, and the next night he'll be waiting for you." For all his precautions, Thorpe found the law waiting on more than

one occasion. Once he escaped by hastily loading 25 geese onto an abandoned railway flatcar and pumping it down the tracks to safety. Other times he resorted to force, and as the middleweight boxing champion of Lincolnshire in his youth, he was a mean man to reckon with. Once when a warden caught him by surprise, Thorpe scored an easy K.O. with three straight lefts to the jaw—and landed in jail for three straight months for assault.

Still, in all his 40 years of poaching Thorpe was fined a total of only \$360 and had "four good guns" confiscated—a small penalty, he figures, compared with the yearly bag records he keeps in a blue notebook. In 1942, his best year, he took 48 pheasant, 72 partridge, 68 hare, 1 woodcock, 106 geese, 146 mallard, 231 widgeon, 193 shelduck, 2 shoveler, 1 tufted duck, 61 plover, 18 pigeon, 79 redshank, 50 knot, 40 curlew, 1 reeve, 1 gadwall, 1 pintail, 1 black-tailed godwit, 2 whimbrel and 6 rabbit. In the early 1960s, the invasion of the marshes by wildfowling clubs convinced Thorpe that the bountiful days were forever gone. Complaining that "the marsh is a regular shooting gallery," he went straight in 1963 and has since become, among other things, the man responsible for tracking down poachers in Lincolnshire—a job he performs with uncommon speed and skill.

"I've been a wicked ol' man," confesses Thorpe. "But one thing I've never done is rob anyone of money." Money, he says, was never his aim. "It was the sheer thrill of moving in and out of the trees and bushes, the excitement of never knowin' what might happen next to you. You get a lovely eastern sky at dawn and the geese comin' in toward you—it's a picture some people never see in their entire lives. If I had my time over again, I wouldn't do any different." Then after a pause, he adds: "Except I'd be a lot more cunning."

LONDON MIRROR FEATURES



THORPE UNG-UNKING

From the high titter to the low cluck and the sexy whistle.

# 'tis the rea- son to be jol- ly



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The True Old-Style Kentucky Bourbon



**By God, believe it.**

You offer the best hope for U.S. prisoners behind Hanoi lines.

## MUSIC

### New Manager for the Met

*I wish him well, poor dear. He doesn't know what he is in for.*

With that touch of urbane cynicism, Rudolf Bing last week introduced the man who will succeed him two seasons hence as general manager of Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera. He is Sweden's Göran Gentele (pronounced *Jor-an Ghen-tell-uh*), 53, who for the past seven years has directed the Royal Opera House in Stockholm. He will move to the Met next June to learn the ropes during Bing's final season. When Gentele takes full control in July 1972, he will assume the most prestigious, toughest and probably the highest-paying (reportedly \$100,000 a year) administrative job in all the arts.

Göran who? That was the reaction to the appointment from almost everybody, except Swedes, on the tight little island of international opera. As opera directors go, he is a virtual unknown whose work has been seen outside Europe only once. At Montreal's Expo 67, his company staged productions of *Tristan, Ballo in Maschera* and an Ingmar Bergman-directed *Rake's Progress* to excellent critical acclaim.

In the guessing game that followed Bing's decision to retire, Gentele's name did not figure among the popular favorites: Conductors Leonard Bernstein and Erich Leinsdorf, Impresarios Julius Rudel of the New York City Opera and Hamburg's Rolf Liebermann and Composer Peter Mennin, the president of Juilliard. "I didn't even know myself until three weeks ago that I was being considered seriously," says Gentele.

**Shunning Rivalry.** The Met is one of the world's few major opera houses that lacks a musician at its helm. Gentele is not a musician—he plans to hire a music director—but his own theatrical credentials are highly in order. In younger days, he directed some 30 plays for Stockholm's Royal Dramatic Theater, and at the Royal Opera he has mounted 28 operas. That background ought to equip him for the badly needed revitalizing of stagecraft at the Met. "Opera is a popular art, and it should be as exciting as a bullfight," he says. Gentele has also directed eight creditable films (no international hits). That fits in with Met President George S. Moore's desire to get the Met into cinema and video tape.

Repeating one of his Stockholm innovations, Gentele intends to sponsor experimental operas by young composers in inexpensive productions to be staged, probably, in the small but well-equipped opera auditorium next door to the Met at Juilliard. Like Conductor Pierre Boulez, who takes over the New York Philharmonic next fall, Gentele thinks that the creative units of Lincoln Center should shun rivalry for artistic integration. Though he is but the latest Eu-

ropean to win a top arts job in the U.S., he does not think America should have an inferiority complex about the Old World. "On the contrary," he says, "you have much talent here, and I intend to travel round the country to find as much of it as I can."

Despite Gentele's onstage credentials, there is some skepticism as to whether he is the right man for the job. Swedish critics have tended to prefer his directing to his administrating. In Stockholm, where the government picks up all but \$800,000 of the Royal Opera's annual \$6,400,000 budget, Gentele never had to bother with such problems as fund raising and the kind of bitter union bargaining that last year forced the Met to cancel half its season. If the Met has its way, the fund-raising load may



GÖRAN & MARIT GENTELE  
*Charm for the matrons and patrons.*

be lighter in the future: last week the company announced that it was actively seeking Government support for the first time in its history.

Bing was a gifted fund raiser, but not much of a collective bargainer; still his act will be tough to follow. Although criticized for his arrogance and for the woefully uneven quality of Met productions, he undeniably brought the company back from the edge of artistic bankruptcy and vanishing prestige to which it had fallen under the regime of the late Edward Johnson. By the time Bing quits, he will have lasted 22 seasons—longer than any other general manager except Giulio Gatti-Casazza (1908-35). But if charm counts for anything, and it certainly does among the matrons and patrons of the Met, Gentele should be able to match Rudolph Bing and endure for quite a while himself. He is a man of slender elegance with a graceful manner and clear, purposeful blue eyes. His wife Marit, a trim, Nordic-blond who could have stepped out of a Bergman movie, is fond of pointing out that Göran has a master's degree in political science. He may need it. A hail fellow does not necessarily guarantee a well Met.

President Johnson tried  
to bring relief.

President Nixon is trying.  
Congress is trying.

Astronaut Frank Borman is trying.  
The American Red Cross is trying.

But right now, you offer the  
best hope. With letters.

Since the "Write Hanoi" campaign  
started a year ago, three  
times as much mail has been  
received from U.S. prisoners.

Hanoi does read its mail.  
Hanoi does care what you think.

Write the President of North Vietnam.  
Ask him to release the names  
of the prisoners.

Ask him to let the International  
Red Cross inspect the prisons  
and insure medical treatment.

Remind him his country signed  
the 1949 Geneva Convention.

Write: Office of the President  
Democratic Republic of Vietnam  
Hanoi, North Vietnam

If you've already written, write  
again. If you haven't, do it now.  
Because if you don't care,  
who on this earth will?

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## THE PRESS



GOLDBERG SELF-BUST

### Death of a Master Machinist

Regardless of fame, few people find their names enshrined in *Webster's Dictionary* as an adjective for a method or contraption. Rube Goldberg, who died in New York last week of cancer at 87, saw his name entered in *Webster's*: a rube goldberg contrivance, says the Third New International edition, accomplishes "by extremely complex roundabout means what actually or seemingly could be done simply."

Cartoonist Goldberg achieved fame for a series of wildly complicated inventions that today can be seen as a prediction of the world's foundering in technology. Goldberg's contraptions used owls and trumpets to nominate people for political office, pistols and crows to feed an infant and rock its cradle. There was even a Hitler-kicking machine that gave the Führer his comeuppance via a cat, a mouse and a strip-teaser. Goldberg constructed chains of causality that could be as illogical as life itself. A 1950 cartoon: "Truman (A) plays piano, knocking over bowl containing Amerasia secret papers (B)—fumes (C) overcome Republican Senator (D), who falls back, causing spoon (E) to toss surplus potato (F)—Joe DiMaggio (G) swirles, causing revolving mechanism (H) to set off leftover 4th of July rocket (I) which hits dice box (J), causing it to throw a natural—District Attorney (K) runs to investigate gambling, causing rope (L) to pull shirt (M) off taxpayer's back!"

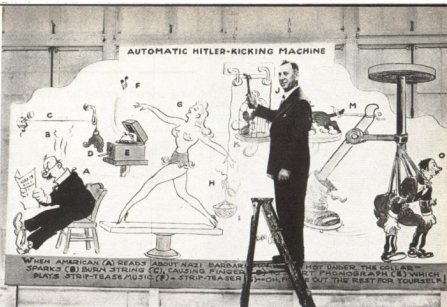
Goldberg began to draw at four, and had his only formal art lessons from a San Francisco sign painter when he was twelve. He studied engineering, and in 1904 undertook his first professional task: helping to design San Francisco city sewers. He found that he preferred a job sweeping floors at the *Chronicle*. "I kept submitting cartoons to them," he once said, "but when I was cleaning

out the wastebaskets in the art department, I'd find my cartoons down there at the bottom. Finally they accepted one of my drawings. I've been doodling away ever since."

The doodles took the forms of *Boob McNutt*, *Mike and Ike* and *Foolish Questions*. By 1922, Goldberg was earning well over \$100,000 a year and had been syndicated by McNaught and King Features. In 1948 he won a Pulitzer Prize for a cartoon called *Peace Today*, warning of the perils of atomic weapons. But politics did not suit him, and though there were flashes of wit, he gave it up.

**Good Is Modern.** At 80, Goldberg took up sculpture. He approached his new career in a satiric frame of mind. Disgusted with the avant-garde, Goldberg, who was haunted by modernity, wrote recently in *Esquire*: "Today you buy a bucket of paint and you're an artist, caress a microphone and you're a singer, grate your crotch and you're a dancer, take off your clothes and you're an actor, dump a ton of cement on the floor and you're a sculptor. Doing your own thing is all right for a genius. But, dear reader, you are not a genius. Neither am I. We need rules to build on. If you do something good today, it is bound to be modern."

Shortly before he died, Goldberg



HITLER-KICKING MACHINE FROM WORLD WAR II

Accomplishing by extremely roundabout means what could be done simply.

drew a prophecy of the year 2070. The things it foresaw: Politicians kissing babies and making promises, women demanding equal rights, and fathers misunderstood by their sons.

### Out of the Restaurants

"My one great goal in life is to be rich enough never to go to a restaurant." That would seem utter nonsense coming from anyone but Craig Claiborne, now in his 13th year as food news editor of the *New York Times*. So, with the royalties from five successful cookbooks coming in regularly, Claiborne last week notified *New York Times* Managing Editor A.M. Rosenthal that he was resigning ("without any animosity"). He will stay on until a replacement can be found.

That will not be easy. In his columns and his book, *Guide to Dining Out in New York*, Claiborne combines formal gastronomic training, superb taste and a delightfully caustic, even bitchy style. His dismay with Le Pavillon after the death of Henri Soule reached its apex when he spotted a red pencil in the *maitre d's* breast pocket. He lamented: "In the days of its glory Le Pavillon was the ultimate French restaurant... The waiters now seem to collide with less grace than they did in former days."

The decision to leave was triggered by a birthday. "I had my 50th birthday three months ago—but not without trauma," he confessed. "I realized I have many projects I want to get to, writing books and some semi-autobiographical essays. I want to work in my own framework, make my garden grow."

Another contributing factor was Claiborne's outspoken "discontent with New York. Every time I pass a sledgehammer, I think how much I want to leave here." He plans to retire to his home in East Hampton, but not only to write and garden. His hobby is cooking.

CRITIC CLAIBORNE





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## CINEMA

### The Love Bug

Fran Tarkenton was apoplectic. Sportswriter Dick Schaap had given the New York Giants' quarterback a slim volume to pass the time on the New York-Boston jet. Tarkenton flipped the first few pages and wept through the last three chapters. Now, the night before the big game, the whole damn team was reading the thing with identical results. "Listen!" he telephoned Schaap. "This book is destroying the Giants just when we're supposed to be psyched up for the Patriots!"

Diagnosis: *Love Story*. There's a lot of it going around. Nearly 418,000 hardcover copies, for one thing. Plus 4,350,000 copies of a 95¢ version—the largest paperback first edition in history.\* Plus the film, wrapped in glittering Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal, just in time for holiday giving.

**Harvard Graustark.** Like the book, the movie takes the trite and true prescription and flips it: boy meets girl, boy gets girl, boy loses girl. Harvard Jock Oliver Barrett IV digs Rhode Island Social Zero Jennifer Cavilleri. His family disapproves. He defies them and marries her anyway. Whereupon fate—that inconstant jade—does the couple in. There has not been such a wrong-side-of-the-tracks meet since *Holiday* (1938), in which Cary Grant announced that he had *worked* his way through college, causing Katharine Hepburn's jil-lionaire father to harrumph mightily.

And yet . . . and yet . . . the counter-revolution had to happen. In an era of sexual license and X-rated sprees, it was inevitable that the hottest sentence in the hottest bestseller could have come from *La Bohème*: "What can you say about a 25-year-old girl who died?" You can say that her movie, though soapy, is better than her silly book. You can say that Director Arthur Hiller (*Popi*) has managed to provide an amalgam of Harvard and Graustark—an enchanted campus where all the people look like movie stars, and all the movie stars try to look like people.

You can say further that Ali MacGraw promises to become the closest thing to a movie star of the '40s. She calls her lover/husband "Preppie" about 900 times too often; she sometimes seems case-hardened enough to scratch a diamond. But she is genuinely touching when she wishes aloud that her name was Wendy Wasp. And she is in a part as actor-proof as Camille. When a Radcliffe girl chooses to die on-screen, the Academy Awards can be heard softly rustling like Kleenexes in the background.

You can also say that Ryan O'Neal gives the character of the neon scion a

warmth and vulnerability entirely missing from the bestseller. His part is chock-full of negative benefits. He does not have to parrot book lines like: "Paine Hall? (Ironic goddamn name!)" Or refer to himself in S.J. Perelmanese as "Yours truly: *Law Review*. All-Ivy, Harvard. Hordes of people were fighting to get my name and numeral onto their stationery."

Though the film has dozens of tertiary characters, only two other actors are worth billing: Ray Milland as Oliver Barrett III, the meanest skinflint since the Grinch who stole Christmas. And John Marley as Mr. Cavilleri ("Call me Phil"), an ingratiating performer and a good man around a hospital corridor. Women above a certain age are less likely to weep at Jennifer's plight than at Milland's scalp—for the first time he plays sans toupee. Others who have taken bathos antitoxin may be tempted to paraphrase Oscar Wilde's epigram on Dickens' *Old Curiosity Shop*: "One must have a heart of stone to read the death of Little Nell without laughing."

In retrospect, the making of *Love Story* makes *The Selling of the President* look like a pushcart operation. Picture Erich Segal, a ripe 31 back in 1968, asking himself "What hath Roth wrought?" The answer was an award winner, *Goodbye, Columbus*, and nearly a million bucks. Before *Parotny's Complaint* was published, no less. And what hath Segal? Well, he was associate professor of classics at Yale (the student paper described his classes as "presented with the intensity of Marlon Brando and the finesse of Julia Child"). The showman had to emerge somewhere.

Segal tried writing off-Broadway—and bombed. He became the last rewrite man on the highly animated and rather charmless Beatles cartoon *Yellow Submarine*. But was this any way for a Harvard salutatorian ('58) to end?

**Brush Strokes.** He recalled a girl he had squired years before—and combined her with a story he had been told by one of his graduate students. Result: the film script of *Love Story*. His agents, William Morris Agency, held it at arm's length. A story about two college kids who get married? You know what's grossing them out at the nabes, Erich? *I Am Curious, I, A Woman*, *Sexual Practices in Sweden*, for God's sake.

Movie companies gave the super-sanitary scenario the William Morris treatment—until an old Segal acquaintance from her Wellesley days, Ali MacGraw, dipped into the script and came up wet. After *Goodbye, Columbus*, she was bankable. Robert Evans, Paramount's production chief, was romantically interested in Ali (they are now Mr. and Mrs.), so Paramount abruptly got interested in *Love Story*. The property was perfect, Erich, they intimated. Except for maybe a brush stroke here and there. Thirty rewrites later, Jenny had been transformed from a Brooklyn Jewish girl with two parents to a Rhode Island Italian-American with one parent. Characters were excised and added, relationships bolstered, scenes slashed and rebuilt. Directors were hired and let go.

**Yale Folk Hero.** You've read the novel, now see the movie, was the pitch in the '40s. Today, the tale wags the dog, and someone is usually assigned to turn the film into a paperback book. Evans persuaded Segal to give the book version a try himself, "instead of having some hack do it." The editor at



"LOVE STORY" DEATHBED SCENE

MacGRAW & O'NEAL



\* Booksellers' orders were so frantic that within 24 hours a second edition of 650,000 copies was ordered.

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**HOUBIGANT**  
PERFUMERS SINCE 1775.

Harper & Row, Jean Young, called the book, with astonishing accuracy, "a reaction against *Future Shock*." The sentences were terse, crisp. Self-sealed. It was pure. Four-letter words and all. Erich's mama, in fact, gave the ultimate accolade: "Thank God you wrote a nice book, not like Philip Roth."

Paramount had paid 75 Gs for the script. Segal kicked back ten of them to the movie company. For promotion. Paramount kicked in ten more. It paid off. The scenarist scrambled 100,000 miles across country. Selling, pushing. Merchandising. He appeared on Cavett, Carson. "I'm kind of a folk hero at Yale," he liked to say. "The closest thing to a Beatle." Fraternities called him up en masse; Middle America wrote in; most important, publishing houses and film companies used *Love Story* as a new shibboleth. The escape hatch had been opened. Erich was in.

In addition to *Love Story*, Segal has written a number of scripts, including the execrable *The Games* and *R.P.M.* He can go on dropping bombs as long as he likes. "I called my accountant last week to ask him whether I was a millionaire yet," says Segal modestly. "He said yes."

Back in the Depression-haunted '30s, Hollywood was grinding out musicals; Ginger Rogers, dressed in coins, sang *We're in the Money* and Fred Astaire sang *A Fine Romance*. The '70s' Longuettes, bottoming Dow Jones, and massive strikes seem reflections of that epoch. So does *Love Story*, a bit of leftover tinsel that glows like gold. And who knows? A little *Love Story* might be good for you. As it happens, the lachrymose Giants won that game 16-0.

■ Stefan Kanfer

## The Red and the White

Jack Crabb is 121 years old. His eyes are agate chips; senility seeps through the cracks in his voice. But Crabb is not your average superannuated former Indian fighter, former Indian, intimate of Wild Bill Hickok and General George Armstrong Custer, ex-gunslinger, scalawag and drunkard. No sir. He is *Little Big Man*, sole survivor of the Battle of Little Bighorn. He may tell a stretcher or two, but when he reminisces, graduate students listen. A budding anthropologist starts a tape recorder, Crabb opens his toothless yawn and the saga unfurls.

And unfurls. And unfurls. For 24 hours *Little Big Man* turns the tableaux on nearly every aspect of Western man. Thomas Berger's panoramic novel owed its salinity to an immediate relative, *Huckleberry Finn*, from which it ransacked idiom and hyperbole by the chapterful. Like Huck, young Jack had no social insight; he accepted violence and duplicity the way he regarded sleet and fire—as aspects of earthly life. The film happily preserves the chronicle's innocence, if not its exact text.

Crabb knows Americana as he knows an old penny; from the Indian side and the In God We Trust side. He first ap-

pears as a boy whose family has been massacred by redskins. The Cheyennes who carry him off seem a mere mob to begin with, but they soon separate into individuals who refer to one another (in English translation) as "Human Beings." The boy becomes an adopted brave, Little Big Man.

In the title role, shuttling incessantly from the red to the white side, Dustin Hoffman adopts precisely the right attitude of bewildered reality lost in myth, a photograph projected on a Frederic Remington painting. Unhappily, not all the cast is as comfortable in their roles. Some of the whites, such as Faye Dunaway as a preacher's oestrous wife, and Martin Balsam as a bunco artist, play like fugitives from a road company of *The Drunkard*, with galvanic gestures and frozen speech patterns. The Human Beings, by contrast, are a people of dignity and variety. Among them are the homosexual Little Horse; the contrary Younger Bear, who says "hello" for



DUSTIN HOFFMAN

An attitude of bewildered reality.

"goodbye" and bathes in dirt instead of water; and the true lodestar of the film, Old Lodge Skins (played by Chief Dan George).

Director Arthur Penn has been alternately shrewd and loco with *Little Big Man*, but mainly he has been plumb lucky. In the book, Crabb complains about western movies that show Indians played by Caucasians "with 5 o'clock shadows and lumpy arms." Perversely, Penn sought Sir Laurence Olivier and Paul Scofield for the chieftain's role. When they refused, he awarded the part to Richard Boone, who resigned shortly before filming. It was only then that Penn chose a hereditary leader of Canada's Salish tribe, Chief George, to play the old man. It was a momentous decision. Dan George's stoicism and grace give him an almost biblical presence. Sometimes, standing to one side, the chief seems to be the essence of the Cheyenne, waiting for some unnamed event—perhaps the time when the white man uses

up all the firewood and moves on forever. He is no less memorable uttering an occasional phrase. When Little Big Man announces that he has a wife, Old Lodge Skins inquires: "Does she show a pleasant enthusiasm when you mount her?" The question seems not lascivious, but full of paternal concern. When he prepares to die, the ancient Human Being chants a prayer and stretches supine before his Maker. Result: nothing. His answer: "Sometimes the magic works, sometimes it doesn't," gives new credence to the speculation that the Indians are one of the lost tribes of Israel.

Would that the film makers had Chief George's ingenueness or Hoffman's technique. For Calder Willingham (*End as a Man*) has provided a scenario that begins with robust rawhide humor, turns to profundity—and then collapses into petulant editorial. In the era of occupied Alcatraz, surely it is no news that the white man spoke with forked tongue, that the first Americans were maltreated



CHIEF DAN GEORGE  
An almost biblical presence.

as the last savages. The Battle of Little Bighorn, which should be the film's climax, is its weakest point. General Custer is pure Pig on the Prairie, babbling insanely as the consummate racist militant. As overplayed by Richard Mulligan, he could be sectioned, labeled Swift's Premium and sold in butcher shops.

Given such grossness, why should *Little Big Man* be counted as a ram-bunctious triumph? Because in its 360° scope of slaughter and laughter, the film has contrived to lampoon, revere or revile the length and breadth of the entire frontier. On the trek, it demonstrates inconsistencies and errata. For months audiences will be talking about them. It also accomplishes that rarest achievement, the breathing of life into an ossified art form. The 70s has its first great epic. Blood brother to the 1903 one-reeler, *The Great Train Robbery*, *Little Big Man* is the new western to begin all westerns.

■ S.K.



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3. *The Last Drop*, Bennett
4. *A Movement Toward Eden*, Howard
5. *An Eye For An Eye*, Darrow
6. *For the Glory of Venice*, Whiston
7. *Sarah and Abe In Indiana*, Baber

##### NON-FICTION

1. *The Hand-Me-Down Cookbook*, Parker & Bradsher
2. *The Clockwatcher's Cookbook*, Elliott
3. *Yankee Revenooer*, Kearns
4. *Bottoms Up With a Rear Admiral*, Cox
5. *Living With Today's Teenagers*, Fudge
6. *A Happier Life*, Eyres & Pearson
7. *A Neurotic's Guide To Sane Living*, Terrell
8. *Ralph McGill At Work*, Logue
9. *Ralph McGill Speaks*, Logue
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## MODERN LIVING

### The Rise of the Bubble

Like blisters rising on a sunburned skin, bubble buildings are popping up all over the landscape. An architectural curiosity only a decade ago, the air-supported, plastic bubbles are rapidly becoming a familiar sight, appearing—and sometimes disappearing—overnight amidst city skyscrapers, in suburban shopping centers and on country fields.

The U.S. Pavilion at Osaka's Expo '70 was a bubble building. Harvard has an air-supported field house—a huge structure that covers 45,000 sq. ft. and allows athletes to work out while blizzards rage outside. Columbia has a similar structure. In Manhattan last month, an air-supported building housed the fast-paced musical *Orlando Furioso* in Bryant Park. Another protects the disassembled blocks of an Egyptian temple outside New York's Metropolitan Museum. In Mamaroneck, N.Y., a bubble covers the high school swimming pool; in Indianapolis, another protects a hockey rink. In Los Angeles, bubbles are used for classrooms.

**Inside a Toad.** For some, the urge to try to pop the bubbles is all but irresistible. Twice since 1968, would-be deflators have pierced Harvard's bubble—but an alarm system brought maintenance crews on the double. Actually, a certain amount of leakage is desirable. "Air-supported buildings must leak," explains English Architecture Critic Reyner Banham. "They are liv-

ing things. They must breathe." If they are not allowed to breathe, strange things happen: the blowers that constantly pump air into the enclosed space cause pressure to build up, and the building begins to screech, pull and tug. To those within the bubble, says Banham, "it's like being inside a toad."

The bubbles' light weight, low cost (roughly \$1.50 per sq. ft., plus installation) and portability make them commercially attractive. They were first used industrially, but within the past five years, they have come into increasing use as sports facilities. Air-Tech of Clifton, N.J., a major manufacturer, has sold 25 tennis-court bubbles in 1970, compared with only two in 1967. There is good reason for their popularity. Outdoor tennis clubs, which once closed in the fall, can now inflate their bubbles and operate throughout the winter.

But there are drawbacks. In New York City, the Midtown Tennis Club has used a bubble over its rooftop courts for three years, but it is now so dirty that it no longer lets in much light. There are air-pressure problems with some bubbles—now and then a tennis player will complain of popping ears. Acoustics are often eccentric. A hard-hit volley, for example, sometimes will sound like a battery of French 75s. Heating—or cooling—the bubbles is difficult. The sun has a way of turning the structures into hothouses, while the cold winds of winter can overwhelm heating systems.

The most unusual problem was encountered when a Los Angeles company called Chrysalis tried to set up a city of inflatable buildings in the California desert last summer. A sudden desert wind arose, reaching a velocity of 70 m.p.h. It whipped an 80-ft. by 30-ft. bubble (with ten men aboard) 25 ft. into the air. For a terrifying moment, the Chrysalis employees thought they had invented the blimp.

### Tattoo Renaissance

As an art, they have been traced back 4,000 years to the Egyptians. They appear in the culture of the Polynesians, the Maoris of New Zealand, the Mayas and the Incas. King George V, Czar Nicholas II and King Frederik IX of Denmark wore them. For years they have adorned the arms and chests of sailors, roustabouts and construction workers. Now, after a decade or two of decline, tattoos are enjoying a renaissance. They have become the vogue of the counterculture.

The popularity of the ancient art among today's youth seems eminently logical to San Francisco Tattooist Lyle Tuttle, who is profiting handsomely from the resurgence. "Tattoos are merely another physical form of expression," he explains. "A way to say something intimately with your body." In the past year Tuttle has tattooed members of



MICHAEL ALEXANDER  
NEEDLE ARTIST TUTTLE  
Grooving on the cosmos.

more than a dozen Northern California communes. "One group was really weird," he says. It "grooved on the cosmos—each one was tattooed with specified planets, and together they made up a kind of an astronomical map." Tuttle's most celebrated client was Blues Singer Janis Joplin, who sported a Florentine wristlet tattoo and had a small heart tattooed on her left breast. Since her death last October from an accidental overdose of drugs, Tuttle has incurred replicas of the Joplin heart on more than 100 young female fans.

Among Tuttle's clientele—and the patrons of such tattooists as Los Angeles' Jim Malonson and Chicago's Cliff Raven—the most popular new designs are peace symbols, astrological signs, doves, black panthers, Hindu gods and excerpts from the hip lexicon ("right on," "trip" and "head" are among the current favorites). Tuttle's prices vary with complexity. A simple wristlet goes for \$20, while a Hindu god or a black panther can cost in excess of \$500.

Tuttle holds a city health license, and his place is outfitted with sterilizers and examining tables; the overall effect is more that of a doctor's office than a tattoo parlor. The curious are permitted to look on as Tuttle imprints hands, forearms, manly chests or shoulders. But some 40% of his customers are women, and when a lady wants a tattoo in an intimate spot, Tuttle asks her to bring a friend as a witness—for his own protection—and closes the door.

**Simultaneous Sessions.** Servicemen still stop in for "Mother" or "Death Before Dishonor" tattoos, but Tuttle's place is considered neutral ground when it comes to sociological or political disputes. He still marvels at the congeniality of two recent customers who chatted and chuckled together through simultaneous tattoo sessions. One, a black man in a beret, was having a panther tattooed on his back. The other walked out with a red and blue Confederate flag unfurled on his white shoulder.

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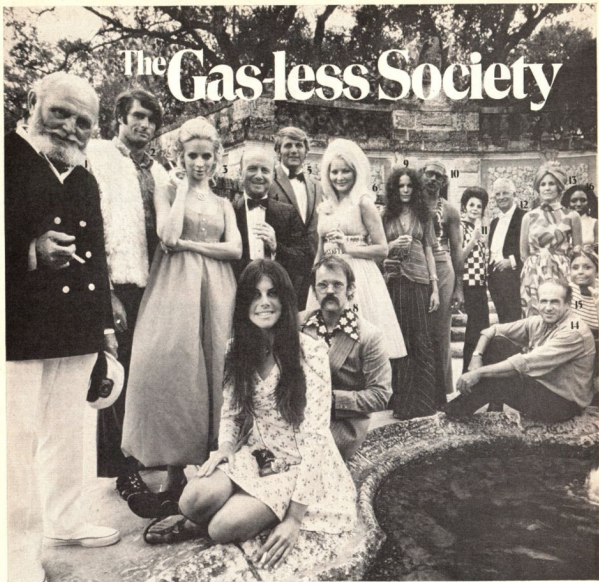
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The Gas-less Society: All in all, they have only one thing in common—an uncommon cigarette.

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## THE LAW

### Vicarious Murder

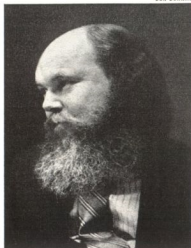
When the two robbers entered a liquor store in Oakland, Calif., they did not see Linda West, wife of the owner, who was standing on a ladder checking the stock. As she watched, John Smith started waving a gun at her husband, and James Daniels nervously warned, "Don't move or we'll have an execution right here." Mrs. West calmly drew the pistol she was carrying and started shooting. Smith was killed, Daniels badly wounded.

Was Mrs. West legally responsible for Smith's death? Hardly. In the eyes of the law, the proper defendants in the killing were the victim's buddies—not only the wounded Daniels, but also Alvin Taylor, who, according to police, was sitting outside in the getaway car.

In a fascinating example of legal logic, the California Supreme Court has just ruled, by a vote of 4 to 3, that Taylor can be tried for his friend's murder. Because Taylor was an accomplice, he was liable for any act of his co-conspirators that furthered their criminal purpose. It was possible to conclude, said the justices, that Smith's jumpy behavior was likely to cause a death—namely, his own. And, since Taylor was legally responsible for Smith's actions, he was "vicariously responsible" for provoking Smith's death.

**Necessary Addition.** The knottiest point for the justices was an earlier California Supreme Court decision that simply pointing a gun at someone is not "sufficiently provocative of lethal resistance" to support a charge of murder against surviving accomplices when the gun wielder is killed. Thus the issue in this case was whether the murder charge against Taylor could be justified by something his buddies did to incite Mrs. West that was even more provocative than waving a gun. According to the court majority, the verbal threat of "execution" and the agitated demeanor of the gunmen provided the necessary additional provocation. To the dissenters, this distinction seemed "absurd." They insisted that a verbal threat to use a drawn gun is redundant.

In theory, the majority's rarefied reasoning might possibly apply even to Angela Davis among others. Accused of aiding and abetting the kidnap-murder of Judge Harold Haley near San Francisco four months ago, she has already been charged with conspiracy and murder in the judge's death, and the prosecution is likely to stick with that relatively straightforward charge alone. But under the logic leading to the Taylor decision, it is at least conceivable that Angela Davis could also be charged with the murder of the three kidnapers, who drove their getaway truck toward a roadblock, provoking their own deaths in a hail of police bullets.



RONALD HUGHES  
18,000 pages to go.

### The Missing Manson Lawyer

After Charles Manson delivered his extraordinary sermon against society last month (TIME, Nov. 30), his trial seemed all but ended. He refused to repeat his testimony for the jury and ordered silence for the three girls, who are his co-defendants in the Tate-LaBianca murders case. Since the defense had presented no witnesses, the only unfinished business was the lawyers' final arguments, various motions and the judge's charge to the jury. Then one of the defense attorneys vanished.

Ronald Hughes, the blond, bushy-bearded 250-pounder who had never tried a case before, drove into the mountains north of Los Angeles to soak and think in some hot springs. According to two friends, heavy rains mired their Volkswagen in mud; his friends hitchhiked out, while Hughes decided to stay. As the rains continued, the wilderness area was evacuated. Campers had seen Hughes walking in the rugged terrain, and the Volkswagen was later found with some trial transcripts in it, but no Hughes.

**New Lawyer.** The odds are overwhelming that he was trapped in the flooding, but rumors proliferated anyway. Some newsmen remembered Hughes saying of Manson, "I'm afraid of him." One inevitable speculation was that Manson followers had kidnapped or killed the attorney. Or perhaps Hughes had disappeared to gain a mistrial and severance from the other defendants for his client, Leslie Van Houten, against whom the prosecution's case is generally considered weakest.

Despite the disappearance, Judge Charles Older ordered the trial to proceed and appointed a co-counsel, Maxwell Keith, for Van Houten. The girls angrily demanded the firing of all their lawyers, and asked to reopen the de-

fense so that they could put 21 witnesses on the stand. Judge Older said no. By week's end Hughes had been missing for 15 days, and searchers in the mountains doubted that he would be found alive. Meanwhile the judge gave Keith until this week to familiarize himself with the transcript, which totals 18,000 pages. That may have seemed unreasonable, but the fact is that few lawyers could figure out the Manson case in a lifetime.

### Winning Loser

As the horses pounded down the homestretch, Parisian Maurice Luca was certain that he had picked a winning *tiercé*.<sup>\*</sup> France's noted jockey, Roger Poincelet, had whipped Scallywag—one of Luca's betting choices—into third place, and there was barely a furlong left to go. Suddenly Poincelet eased up, and so did the horse. Scallywag finished out of the money. Track stewards suspended Poincelet for his disappointing efforts, but Luca had his own disciplinary ideas. He sued the jockey for \$20,000, the amount he stood to collect had Scallywag placed at least third.

In an unprecedented decision that has the French racing industry in an angry uproar, Paris' Seventh Chamber of the Court of Appeals awarded \$3,000 damages to Luca. Said the court: "The jockey must not, before arriving at the finish post, cease to urge his horse to fight for first, second or third place." Jockeys now fear that they may have to spend as much time in court as on the race track, fending off the suits of disgruntled bettors. Even race-track stoopers, who look for discarded ticket stubs, were heard to complain about the decision. If it holds up, racing fans will hang on to their stubs until the courts decide if losing jockeys, already faulted by track officials, have failed in their duties.

\* A forecast bet in which the bettor must pick the first three horses in a race.



JOCKEY POINCELET  
Out of the money.

## BUSINESS

# Shootout at the Hughes Corral

A FEW minutes before 10 o'clock on Thanksgiving Eve, Howard Hughes pulled an old sweater over the white shirt that he wore open at the neck, donned a fedora and walked to the rear of the penthouse atop the Desert Inn in Las Vegas where he had lived for the past four years. Avoiding the private detectives who guarded the elevator around the clock, Hughes eased his tall, thin frame through a long-unused fire door and walked the nine stories down an interior fire escape to the hotel parking lot. He could be reasonably sure of leaving unrecognized. No one but his closest aides and his estranged wife had seen him in more than a decade.

Hughes was in good spirits, and appeared to be enjoying the escape. Two autos were waiting to drive him and four aides to the North Las Vegas Airport, which he owns. There he boarded a Lockheed jet belonging to his Hughes Tool Co. and took off for the Bahamas. By the next day, Hughes was ensconced in a ninth-floor suite of the Britannia Beach Hotel on Paradise Island—with a 24-hour guard at the door.

The flight had been secretly planned for more than two months. The Par-

adise Island suite had been held for Hughes for more than a year at a cost of upwards of \$1,000 a day, and equipped with a direct telephone line to the U.S. Back at the Desert Inn, 84 hours passed before the guards discovered that he was gone.

**Mormon Mafia.** From his tropical headquarters, Hughes kept watch over—while staying out of the direct line of fire—an epic struggle that broke into the open last week among his lieutenants in Las Vegas. At stake was control of Hughes' \$300 million Nevada empire, including five Las Vegas hotels—the Desert Inn, the Sands, the Landmark, the Frontier, the Castaways—and two other gambling houses, the Silver Slipper and Harolds Club in Reno. As with almost everything concerning Hughes, the fight was redolent with mystery, suspense and litigation.

At 64—he will be 65 on Christmas Eve—Hughes is quite possibly the richest living American. His holdings in oil-drilling equipment, aerospace, electronics, airlines, communications and real estate are worth anywhere from \$1.4 billion to \$2 billion. They are rivaled only by the sums amassed by Oilman J. Paul Getty, another notable eccentric. Hughes' major holdings are entirely privately owned and thus exempt from the laws that require public reports. Hughes exercises his sole control in the manner of an autocratic ruler, telephoning his orders and never deigning to appear among his subordinates.

His obsession for privacy is all-devouring. In the 1950s, he stopped seeing anyone except a handful of business associates and his "Mormon mafia"—half a dozen men chosen by him because they do not drink, smoke, womanize or have liberal ideas. They act as combination nurses, cooks, bodyguards, advisers and messengers to the outside world. For the past four years, Hughes had never been known to move out of his Las Vegas aerie. Then he decamped

for Paradise Island, leaving behind some of his executives to wield the knives in the messy corporate fight.

On the one side were three longtime and trusted lieutenants from the Hughes empire. They were Raymond Holliday, executive vice president of the Hughes Tool Co. of Houston, the castle keep of the boss's corporate kingdom; Frank W. Gay, senior vice president of that company and a onetime member of the Mormon corps around Hughes; and Chester C. Davis, Hughes' longtime lawyer. On the other side was Robert Maheu (pronounced *May-hew*), 53, a bulky, pink-cheeked man who, after only Hughes himself, had become the second most powerful figure in Nevada. Maheu, an ex-FBI agent, had worked for Hughes since 1953, when his own tough anti-Communism caught the eye of superpatriotic Hughes. He was assigned to several security and personal jobs, including keeping an eye on some of Hughes' female acquaintances.

Since his promotion to head Hughes' Nevada holdings, Maheu had become rich. Besides the \$500,000 a year that he was paid by Hughes, he had an unlimited expense account and freely used company Cadillacs, helicopters and an airplane. He kept a \$500,000 yacht on the Pacific, a French Regency home in Las Vegas estimated to be worth the same amount, and a \$50,000 lodge at nearby Mount Charleston.

In recent years, Maheu had expanded on his own, buying into a \$70 million housing development in Los Angeles, restaurants and an electronics company. Maheu and his security chief, Jack W. Hooper, a former Los Angeles cop, also had interests in a number of consulting firms. The Maheu firms hired the Hooper firms as security consultants, while the Hooper firms hired Maheu's companies for advice on management.

**Depth of Corruption.** Maheu's rise stirred intense envy and innumerable rumors in Las Vegas. In that gaudy city,

HUGHES IN RECORD-SETTING PLANE, 1935



RECEIVING TROPHY FROM F.D.R., 1937



WITH AVA GARDNER, 1946

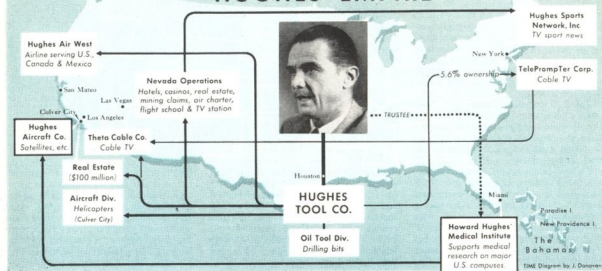


AT CONTROLS OF FLYING BOAT, 1947





# HUGHES' EMPIRE



where stuccoed pastel towers climb improbably out of the desert, a gambler's distrust pervades everything, and almost everyone is thought to have his (or her) price. The entertainers often kick back part of their inflated fees to the producers, dishwashers pay their bosses for the opportunity to work, and waitresses pay off their captains. "There is a depth of corruption here that would leave even the Vietnamese breathless," reported TIME Los Angeles Bureau Chief Don Neff. "A prominent banker, after his third drink, talks loudly about kickbacks: '\$50,000, \$75,000 off the top—so what's that?' A famous attorney declares in public: 'If he doesn't like it, I got friends who will take him to the edge of town and take care of him.' Embezzlement, thievery, cheating—they are subjects as natural to Las Vegas as rosaries are to convents."

Hughes, who is notoriously distrustful of everyone, became suspicious of some of his Las Vegas employees last February after a tip-off from federal investigators, who are investigating corruption in the Hughes Nevada operation. Huge kickbacks, it was said, were received on the purchases of old and largely worthless Nevada mining properties, for which Hughes had paid \$2,000,000 more than they were worth. In another deal, one prospective seller was asked for a \$250,000 payoff in return for persuading the boss to buy a piece of land on the Las Vegas Strip. Payments were demanded from entertainers who performed at Hughes' hotels, and from others who were offered Hughes' business.

There was evidence of skimming, the system used to siphon millions out of the casinos in order to dodge taxes. Last summer, state officials looking into the accounts of the Hughes-owned Sands Hotel turned up \$186,000 in "markers," some of which were IOUs

signed with fictitious names. Hughes' managers wanted to write off the \$186,000 as bad debts, a request that the state officials bluntly refused. Mob-connected men settled down comfortably in the Hughes organization. One of them: John Roselli, who was imprisoned in the '40s for shaking down Hollywood movie producers and later was convicted of conspiring to fleece wealthy card players in rigged gin-rummy games at the Beverly Hills Friars Club. Roselli, who holds a gift-shop lease at Hughes' Frontier Hotel, boasts that he collected a large finder's fee when the Desert Inn was sold to Hughes and recently dealt himself in on the kickbacks paid by entertainers at the Hughes casinos.

Many of Hughes' Nevada enterprises were not paying off as handsomely as the owner had expected. Some were barely breaking even—or losing. That could be attributed partly to the nation's economic slump. Still, the suspicion lingered that at least some of Hughes' losses consisted of funds going into the pockets of his employees. All in all, the operating expenses of the Maheu-managed hotel-casinos were far higher than those in rival operations.

**Private Eyes.** Largely for those reasons, Hughes ordered a force of attorneys, auditors and casino experts to look into his gambling operations. Separately, the managers of Hughes Tool Co. in Houston hired their own private investigators to check up on Maheu. Aware of the probe, Maheu brought in his own private eyes to delve into the affairs of his Houston rivals and to keep watch outside Hughes' suite. At about the same time, various agencies of the Federal Government, the state of Nevada, Clark County and Las Vegas were all prying into the Hughes businesses. So many gumshoes were lurking around the Hughes operation that quite a few

of them spent most of their time investigating one another.

Early this year, Maheu's relations with Hughes started to cool. The handwritten memos from Hughes to Maheu became less frequent. Not until Hughes was on Paradise Island, though, did the Hughes Tool Co. ("Toolco") executives from Houston—Holliday and Gay plus Lawyer Davis, who frequently acted for Hughes on business unrelated to the tool company—make their move against Maheu.

They gathered at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles two weeks ago and summoned a Maheu aide from Las Vegas. They made no charges, but told him that they had a Hughes proxy and demanded Maheu's resignation within four hours. Said Maheu's aide: "Give us a bill of particulars. Show us your authority. How do we know you are speaking for Hughes?" To that, Toolco's Holliday replied: "We are going to fire 155 people—all of the Maheu crowd, all of the Hooper crowd, and others."

When Maheu heard of the firing, he refused to give in. Six hours later, Davis and Gay were in Las Vegas. They took over the 18th-floor penthouse of the Sands Hotel and sent auditors elbowing into the counting rooms of Hughes casinos to check the evening's take. They publicly announced Maheu's firing. Maheu got a court order preventing the Toolco group from taking control of the hotels, casinos and other properties. Maheu argued that their power of attorney had been forged, that only Hughes could fire him. He contended that Hughes had fallen ill in September and "thereafter his medical condition became progressively worse."

Maheu also maintained that if the Toolco people took over, Hughes' casino licenses might be endangered, since none of the outsiders had been approved by the state gaming-control

board. Finally, Maheu got Undersheriff Lloyd Bell to raid Hughes' quarters at the Desert Inn on suspicion of "foul play." The undersheriff found an empty apartment. Maheu's allies openly speculated that Hughes was incapacitated—or dead. There was even one story that Hughes had been lowered on a stretcher the nine stories from his apartment to the ground to start the trip to Paradise Island.

**Total Surrender.** Somehow, Davis and Gay had to convince the Nevada authorities and the public that Hughes was alive and well on Paradise Island, and that they were indeed acting on his orders. Their solution: a 1:30 a.m. phone call from Hughes to District Attorney George Franklin and Governor Paul Laxalt, a friend and tennis partner of Maheu's. Hughes, as Laxalt later told it, joked that reports of his death were "exaggerated." He said that he was vacationing and planned to return to Las Vegas. He assured Laxalt that he wanted Maheu fired. "There is no doubt it was Hughes," said Laxalt, who has never met the man but had previously spoken to him on the phone. "He made too many personal references to things we had talked about before." As he hung up, Laxalt said: "Well, Las Vegas isn't Mr. Maheu's town any more."



MAHEU



GAY



DAVIS

Davis, a portly and emotional man, gloated in triumph. He suggested that his friends find a bookmaker and "ask him what the odds are on Maheu hanging on." At one point he glared at the ceiling, and shouted at any electronic bugs that might have been planted by Maheu's men: "If you're up there, you son of a bitch, you're going to jail."

In private meetings, Maheu sought to salvage what he could. Davis demanded total surrender: Maheu's banishment from the Hughes empire, from his houses, from Las Vegas and from Nevada. Maheu demanded concessions: protection against any future suits charg-

ing mismanagement, a fat severance check, and assurance that Toolco would take over the commitments that he had assumed over the years in Hughes' name. Nevada businessmen were worried about who would pay off the many Hughes obligations—Maheu, Toolco or Howard Hughes. They were not alone in their concern; employees chose up sides and wondered who would pay them. State, county and city officials audibly fretted about licensing and other legal problems and possible losses of revenue. In fact, until the whole affair was settled, a substantial part of southern Nevada's economy faced financial chaos.

## A Midnight Ride with Howard Hughes

*The last journalist known to have met and talked with Howard Hughes is TIME's Frank McCulloch. The year was 1958. McCulloch, then Time-Life bureau chief in Los Angeles, was asked by editors in New York to interview Hughes about his difficulties in raising money to buy some of the first jets for Trans World Airlines. It seemed an impossible assignment: Hughes had not dealt personally with any journalist—or with many of his own \$100,000-a-year executives—in more than a decade. McCulloch tried anyway, and succeeded. Now TIME's New York bureau chief, he recalls what happened:*

I ASSEMBLED a list of about 50 questions, and passed them on to a Hughes aide. About 48 hours later, the phone rang at 11 a.m., and the flat, nasal voice at the other end identified itself as that of Howard Hughes. That started weeks of titillation, intrigue, maneuvering, exhaustion and sheer damn foolishness. We were on a first-name basis after the second call, but his calls never seemed to have an end or a beginning. They were, in essence, monologues, in which he made a case for holding off the story until new financing for TWA could be arranged. The theme was always the same.

Gradually, the monologues—interrupted on occasion with plaintive questions from Howard as to whether I was recording the conversation, which I was not, or taking notes, which I was, frantically—shifted from daylight to dark, and from premidnight to early morning hours. One night, I vowed to accept no calls, and my wife agreed that she would handle Howard. We fell into bed exhausted and waited for the calls we knew would come. The first came at 11.

"Mr. Hughes," my wife explained, "Frank is exhausted. He went to bed early, and I think he should get a good night's rest, don't you?" "Good heavens, yes, Mrs. McCulloch, and I'm sorry to have been so thoughtless. A pleasant good night. Rest well." Of course the phone rang again

precisely 30 minutes later. Instantly, Hughes was apologetic. In the press of all the things he was doing, he had simply forgotten the earlier conversation. Good night again.

By the time the third call came at 1 a.m., I was so tense that I soared straight to the ceiling at the sound of the bell, grabbed the phone, and yelled hello. After establishing that it was truly I, Hughes wanted to know if I didn't feel better rested than I had at 11. Then he suggested that I should drive to the intersection of Olympic and Sepulveda boulevards, park at the southwest corner, blink my lights twice, and wait for a two-tone, 1954 Mercury sedan to come alongside. Then?—but he had rung off.

I headed for Olympic and Sepulveda at an imprudent speed. The Mercury did appear. The driver politely invited me to get in the back seat. We made our way by back roads to the unfinished western end of Los Angeles International Airport. There the driver left me stranded in the middle of an unfinished runway. I became aware that I was actually standing in a half-moon of parked automobiles.

In a few minutes, a lanky six-footer came ambling out of the dark, asked my name and stood there. I stuck out my hand, and said, "Good to meet you personally, Howard." The figure beat a hasty retreat, clutching his right hand to his chest. "Oh," he explained, "I can't shake hands. I was just sitting over there in my car, making a telephone call and eating a hot dog, and I got mustard on my hand." "Well," I said, "I certainly wouldn't want to shake hands under those conditions." "What's more," said Howard, "I was shaving, and I cut my hand." Presumably, that had put both mustard and blood on his hand. (Hughes is dreadfully afraid of picking up germs through human contact.)

Hughes asked if I would like to take a ride. Of course. Right behind me, looming up in the dark was Boeing's prototype of the 707. Howard and I boarded and went to the pilot's compartment, where he indicated I should take the



JEAN PETERS (1970)  
People can be difficult.

Why hadn't Howard Hughes simply told Maheu that he was through? "Hughes was so mad at Maheu that he wanted to embarrass him," said one insider. Another suggested that "Hughes is furious with Maheu, and in his imperial manner he wanted to show that he did not have to bother with him."

**Harlow and Hepburn.** For Howard Hughes, things have always come easily; it is people that have been difficult. "I suppose I am not like other men,"

he remarked while he was still in high school. "Most of them like to study people. I am not so interested in people as I should be, I guess. What I am tremendously interested in is science, the earth and the minerals that come with it." Hughes' father invented and patented the modern oil-drill bit—a device with 166 cutting edges—and rented it for \$30,000 a well, or dry hole. The bit is still the base of the Hughes fortune. "We don't have a monopoly," Hughes once remarked. "Anyone who wants to dig a well without a Hughes bit can always use a pick and shovel."

At 19, when his father died (his mother had died earlier), Hughes inherited a majority interest in the company. That holding was worth \$500,000. Hughes bought the rest of the shares from his relatives, moved to Hollywood and broke into moviemaking. After some early failures, he began producing hits, including *Hell's Angels*, *Scarface* and *The Outlaw*, which made Jane Russell a national pinup girl. His pictures introduced, among others, Jean Harlow, George Raft, Pat O'Brien and Paul Muni.

In public, Hughes was often seen with the stars of the day—Billie Dove, Lana Turner, Linda Darnell, Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, Ava Gardner, Ida Lupino. In private, he visited many

others—young, eager, and not too prudish unknowns. Hughes called them "crows," but he feared rebuff even from them. It was the job of one of his public relations men to see that the green light was up before Hughes ever appeared on the scene. He once boasted that he had deflowered 200 virgins in Hollywood; the wonder was that he could find so many.

**Big Flop.** Hughes' other passion was airplanes. He set a world speed record of 352.39 m.p.h. in 1935 in an aircraft of his own design. He was named the world's outstanding aviator for the year, and President Roosevelt later presented him with the Harmon Trophy. In 1938 he flew around the world in a record 91 hr. 14 min., was given a ticker-tape parade on Broadway that surpassed Lindbergh's. Hughes' big flop of World War II—a 200-ton, eight-engine plywood flying boat dubbed the "Spruce Goose," which was only 11 ft. 4 in. shorter than today's 747 superjet—led to a celebrated joust with Maine's Senator Owen Brewster before a congressional committee. Brewster demanded to know why Hughes had spent \$18 million in Government funds and produced no flyable plane. Hughes won the publicity battle when he flew the plane for a mile at 70 ft.—the only time it has

engineer's seat, behind the copilot's seat. Shortly, two more people boarded. One was the copilot. The other was Jean Peters, Hughes' wife. She took the seat across from me. The semicircle of automobiles turned on their lights, illuminating part of the lumpy runway. Howard—dressed in nondescript gray slacks, white shirt and loafers but no socks—kicked on the engines. Away we went—to, I am certain, the utter astonishment, if not horror, of the unapprised men in the airport control tower.

We flew for four hours, down the Baja California coast, back up through Arizona, across Las Vegas. Jean Peters and I talked amiably. She was most interested in Disneyland and the state of the 20th Century-Fox lot, both of which, I assumed, she had not been allowed to visit since her marriage. Howard chimed in with praise of the 707. At his invitation, I took the copilot's seat, and he calmly told me that I now had control of the airplane. That was somewhere over the Arizona desert at about 30,000 feet; I had never so much as piloted a Piper Cub.

We hurtled back into the Los Angeles airport at sunup. As Howard made what seemed approximately a 90° approach, the copilot all but had a spasm and kept saying, in increasingly urgent tones, "You need more flap!" Howard, calmly: "I've got it, I've got it, just let me handle it."

We hit awfully hard—again without having so much as acknowledged the existence of the tower—bounced about five times, and rolled to a screeching, dusty halt just short of the last fence at the southwest edge of the airport. The 707's door was opened, a ramp rolled up. Jean and Howard, without another word, jumped into a waiting Cadillac and disappeared.

The purpose of the midnight ride did not come clear to me until much later. What Howard was trying to show me, though he never articulated it, was that the 707 was a helluva airplane, and if he could just get the money he needed to buy enough of them, he could bail TWA out.

Before long, Howard and I were back on the telephone. He pleaded for more time before the story on his financial

troubles ran. The editors were not impressed. I decided to put the case in the hands of the late Henry Luce, who was then in Phoenix.

Very carefully—since by this time I was certain that Howard knew every detail about my every move—I booked to Phoenix not on TWA but on United. When I got there, I rented not a Hertz or an Avis but a local firm's car. I drove to the Luce home not by established routes but by enormous circles. Then I drove to the back of the circular driveway and hid my rented Ford behind a large lilac bush.

Harry Luce stood with the other editors; we would go ahead with the story. I sighed deeply and told Harry that Hughes probably already knew that. "Ridiculous," he scoffed, and gave me a lecture about having become overwrought about this story. I left the house and made my way to the lilac bush and my rented, locked Ford. As I slipped the key in the door, I noticed with a start that there was something white slipped beneath the rim of the horn. It was a business card, printed with the name of the TWA manager in Phoenix. On the other side was a message: "Mr. McCulloch—please call Mr. Hughes immediately."

I went back and showed Harry Luce the card. It was the only occasion on which I saw him completely thunder-struck.

Howard has been in touch several times since then. When our son was born, though we made no announcement of the event, he sent an enormous bouquet of tropical plants to the hospital. There were other surprise gifts of flowers from Hughes' aides when we went on vacation. In 1966, when I was in New York for a brief visit from Viet Nam, I had a call. Could I come through Los Angeles on the way back out? Howard wanted to talk with me. I got to Los Angeles, checked in at a hotel, made my presence known to a Hughes aide—and waited. But the next morning a headline caught my eye: the Buddhist riots were flaring again in Saigon and Danang. I didn't even call the aide back. Within two hours, I was on the next flight to Asia. I do wonder, though, what it was that Howard wanted to talk about.

ever been in the air. After that, Republican "Hughes for President" clubs sprang up across the country (he simply ignored them).

Hughes was nearly killed in 1947 while test-piloting a new plane of his own design. It crashed in Beverly Hills, and he suffered extensive fractures and burns. He grew a mustache to cover some of the scars, and gradually became more reclusive.

**Investing the Winnings.** In his corporate enterprises, it was somehow always others who got hurt. Under his stewardship, RKO Radio Pictures lost \$20 million between 1948 and 1953, but Hughes sold out at a profit. In his greatest legal battle, he lost control of Trans World Airlines, and in a later suit was ordered to pay the company \$136 million on grounds of mismanagement and breach of antitrust laws (the case is still being appealed). Hughes abruptly sold his TWA shares in 1966, when they had reached \$86 each; he collected \$546 million. TWA stock closed last week at 12 1/4.

Hughes invested his TWA winnings in Nevada, which has no inheritance taxes. Besides the hotels, casinos, mining properties and airport, he bought a regional airline, now named Hughes Air West, which serves Las Vegas and other cities. Las Vegas, he declared, would some day be as large as Houston.

Hughes has grown progressively richer largely because the companies he ignored—and left alone under competent managers—prospered mightily. Hughes Tool Co. still holds about 60% of the world market for drill bits. Hughes Aircraft, an electronics-and-satellite company, has also thrived. It is controlled by the Hughes Medical Foundation, of which Howard Hughes is sole trustee. All together, Hughes companies employ about 65,000 people. It is a weakness of free enterprise that such large and varied holdings are subject to the whims of one capricious man. There are disturbing questions for the future. As Hughes grows older, he can hardly help coming increasingly under the influence of the few intimates who act as his Seeing Eyes to the world. To avoid federal inheritance taxes, he has presumably willed his estate to a foundation. But who would be the trustee? Perhaps his second wife, former Movie Actress Jean Peters, his only known heir, who is living alone at 1001 Bel Air Road in Los Angeles and awaiting divorce. Or someone cut from the same cloth as Maheu?

**New Adventures.** Howard Hughes can—and probably will—embark on new adventures. Last September, Hughes Aircraft and TelePrompTer, in which Hughes has an interest, jointly applied for permission to launch a private communications satellite. He might intend to combine the satellite, his extensive CATV facilities, his sports network that packages shows for independent stations, and his Las Vegas entertainment resources into one huge television production package. Or he

could be planning to invest in the Bahamas. Nearly all of Paradise Island is owned by Resorts International, which he reputedly tried to buy for \$85 million last year. Bahamian Prime Minister Lynden Pindling is willing to reconsider his plans for nationalizing the casinos if Hughes takes them over.

The hottest speculation among the Las Vegas oddsmakers centers on the company that Hughes said he would never sell but then had to give up—TWA. Since its shares are now worth one-seventh of their value when he sold out, he could buy them back for \$80-\$100 million. That could be raised by selling a few Las Vegas hotels and Air West, which he would have to give up anyway to comply with Civil Aeronautics Board regulations. After that, he could again be boss of his own major airline.



IACOCCA & FORD

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## AUTOS Patience Rewarded

Lee Iacocca thought he had it made. After slogging his way up from sales trainee to vice president at age 36, he masterminded Ford Motor Co.'s happy successes with the Mustang and the Maverick. So Iacocca figured that he was a cinch to take over the president's chair when Arjay Miller stepped down three years ago. But then a gray-haired 55-year-old named Semon E. Knudsen got passed over for his dad's old job as president of General Motors. Henry Ford II snapped up Knudsen for the Ford job and let Iacocca wait.

After 19 months of valiantly trying to adjust to Ford Motor's more free-wheeling style of management, Knudsen was fired. This time Henry Ford split the job of president into three parts and gave Iacocca only one of them, with the ponderous title of executive

vice president of Ford Motor Co. and president of Ford North American Automotive Operations.

Iacocca waited for 15 more months as a member of the new ruling troika. Last week he finally got the job he wanted. Henry Ford announced that the marketing whiz, now 46, would become the sole president of Ford Motor. Henry Ford, who remains chief executive officer and undisputed boss, plans to spend more time developing overseas opportunities for the company. William Innes, vice president for manufacturing, will move up to Iacocca's old job as domestic auto chief.

Ford Motor could not have picked a more crucial moment to tap Iacocca's well-incubated talents. Despite the company's present good fortune with the Maverick and the Pinto, profits are being squeezed hard by rising costs and Government pressure for safety and antipollution development. Just after his appointment, Iacocca declined a \$100 bet on whether Henry Ford's prediction of a 9.7-million-car year was possible in 1971. "Consumers have the money," he said, "but in their present mood it is doubtful that they will spend it. We have just finished an auto strike, and the steel industry is unsettled. There is certainly no impetus to spend money."

## ADVERTISING

### Nice Work, You're Fired

The most memorable television commercial of the year shows a cherubic bride savoring the seeming success of her melon-sized dinner dumpling. In another room, her stomach-sore husband gurgles his pained compliments, downs a fizzing glass of Alka-Seltzer and returns to hear her plans for the morrow. "Marshmallow meatballs," she exclaims. "Poached oysters!" He does an about-face for more analgesic. The spot sent Actress Alice Playten on to richer fare in the theater, and at least one publication printed her recipes for marshmallow meatballs and other specialties.

Last week Miles Laboratories, maker of Alka-Seltzer, dumped the maker of the celebrated commercials, Doyle Dane Bernbach, and shifted the \$22 million Alka-Seltzer account to Wells, Rich, Greene. Reason: Doyle Dane's attention-getting campaign notwithstanding, Alka-Seltzer's share of the market has continued to shrink, and Miles had grown increasingly dissatisfied with the agency's creative tack.

What Wells, Rich plans for its new account is uncertain, but Chairman Mary Wells Lawrence has repeatedly stressed the wisdom of a straightforward approach in times when the U.S. economy has a headache. The shift of the Alka-Seltzer account reinforces a hard truth: no matter how much an agency strives to lift its promotions above the humdrum, advertising remains an art for sales' sake.



## MILESTONES

**Married.** Nancy Sinatra, 30, kittenish pop singer (*These Boots Are Made for Walking*); and Hugh Lambert, 40, TV choreographer; both for the second time; in a Roman Catholic ceremony in Cathedral City, Calif. The wedding was held on Papa Frank's birthday, explained Nancy, "since Daddy likes to give things away on his birthday."

**Died.** Major General Artem I. Mikoyan, 65, co-designer of the Russian MIG fighter planes and brother of long-time Politburo Member Anastas I. Mikoyan; in Moscow. MIGs take their name from the surnames of Mikoyan and Mikhail I. Gurevich, who in 1940 built the MIG-3, which became the backbone of the Soviet high-altitude fighter force. Their MIG-15 became the Communist mainstay in the Korean War, while the supersonic MIG-21 is presently the first-line fighter for most Communist and many Arab air forces. Over the years, Western airmen have given the MIGs generally high marks, though the planes have almost invariably come off losers in actual combat.

**Died.** General Thomas S. Power, 65, retired Air Force commander who as boss of the Strategic Air Command from 1957 to 1964 provided the nuclear deterrent for three Presidents; of a heart attack; in Palm Springs, Calif. Power was not a temporizer: he believed that war, once started, could only be halted by crushing force. He led the March 1945 fire-bomb raid on Tokyo that killed 84,000 Japanese, was a planner of the A-bomb attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki and fashioned the peacetime SAC into the most devastating instrument of destruction ever known.

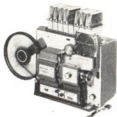
**Died.** Henry Varnum Poor, 82, muralist, ceramist, painter, architect and art teacher; of a heart attack; in New City, N.Y. Known first for his pottery, Poor in the mid-1930s took his brush to Washington, D.C., where he executed twelve panels for the Department of Justice building and a heroic mural entitled *Conservation of American Wildlife* for the Department of the Interior building. Before long he had developed such a following that in 1939, when Pennsylvania State College commissioned him to paint a 275-sq.-ft. fresco of Abraham Lincoln signing the Morrill Act, the contract stipulated that the public be allowed to watch him work.

**Died.** Rube Goldberg, 87, the most imaginative inventor since Leonardo (see THE PRESS).

**Died.** Harrison Cady, 93, painter and illustrator, best known for Peter Rabbit, Lightfoot the Deer, Reddy Fox, Jimmy Skunk and the rest of the menagerie in Thornton Burgess's children's books; in Manhattan.



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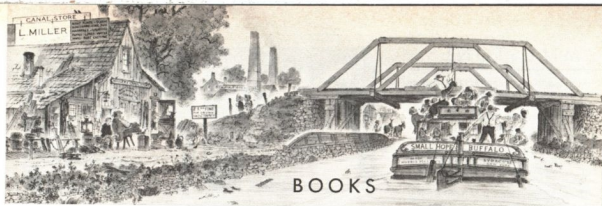
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FIFTEEN MILES ON THE ERIE CANAL, WITH PETER SPIER

## For the Young: Dreams and Memories

**D**ESPITE noise, television, Marshall McLuhan, and the much publicized decline in public school reading skills, quality children's books sell and sell. Such literary prosperity owes a good deal to the fact that more than 75% of juvenile sales are made to libraries that buy carefully, and often have federal funds to help them do it. Yet much of the allure of the children's book trade is due to the continuing output of a handful of illustrious, variously gifted and apparently inexhaustible authors and illustrators.

This year half a dozen such perennial favorites have fine new books out:

***The Trumpet of the Swan*** (Harper & Row, \$4.50) is only the third book in 25 years by E.B. White. Nevertheless, he is the one living American writer whose words have done most to prove that a children's book can be a work of art and a thing of enduring charm and usefulness. ***Stuart Little*** (1945) still reigns pretty much supreme in the small-furry-animal-in-spats market. ***Charlotte's Web*** (1952), which has just been released again on Pathways of Sound records with White himself reading aloud, is a masterpiece about love and death in a New England barn, and has sold more than 800,000 hardback copies. ***Charlotte*** succeeded in making a small, confused pig-of-good-will and a humane spider touching and unforgettable. ***Trumpet*** somewhat less successfully attempts the *Bildungsroman* of a trumpeter swan with a speech defect. As a cygnet, young Louis has to be furnished with a store-bought trumpet, and soon tootles his way into many hearts and places. White's main achievement, though, is Louis's father, a cultivated cob who talks a brand of rhetoric as might come of an alliance between Leda and the Late George Apley.

***The Erie Canal*** (Doubleday, \$4.50) is the 30th book by Peter Spier, a Dutch-born, academy-trained artist whose illustrations are to most juvenile scenery what a Tiepolo ceiling is to a hand-decorated pup tent. Too many children's books present lumpily massive, poster-hued semi-primitive drawings that intrigue for only one or two cheerful skim-throughs. Spier, by contrast, spends months accumulating visual research and folios of tiny sketches for his subjects. When he shows the 19th century harbor of Honfleur (in *Hurrah! We're Outward Bound!*) or the 18th century Thameside (in *London Bridge Is Falling Down!*), he knows as much about the shops and ships, the rigs and ragamuffins as a sharp eye and a keen mind can acquire. The result encourages young (and old) to brood upon details and be delighted by the beauty of black ink and watercolor washes that blend a Delacroix-like delicacy with the liveliness of Thomas Rowlandson. ***Erie Canal*** follows a barge through Clinton's Ditch (circa 1850), seen in four seasons and drawn down to the last mule harness and quayside bollard.

***In The Night Kitchen*** (Harper & Row, \$4.95), Maurice Sendak's 59th book, once more orbits a young protagonist from home and bed into a surrealistic land of magic, fear and some wonder. This time young Mickey has an edible complex—he winds up falling into a bowl of cake batter, being stirred and cooked by three fat chefs. And so—via a dough-plane that he sculpts himself—safely back to bed. ***Night Kitchen*** is not quite up to Sendak's classic, the tiny *Nutshell Library* (1962), with its "chicken soup" doggerel, its pre-Sesame Street counting devices and unlucky Pierre, the "I don't care"

boy, who is eaten by a lion. The fantasy trip in ***Night Kitchen*** lacks the magic, youthful anger and return to love shown in Sendak's fabled *Where the Wild Things Are*. But it is cheerful and self-assured, and when Mickey is floating around in the altogether or wrestling with all that dough, it may even seem hilarious to the under-five set.

***Babar's Birthday Surprise*** (Random House, \$3.95) is the 15th and latest volume in a series that began in 1931 with ***The Story of Babar***, by Parisian Jean de Brunhoff, and became a family business when, after his death, his son Laurent de Brunhoff took up this diverting peck of pachyderms. This time the plot thickens around just the kind of civilized problem that Arthur, Celeste and their colleagues can handle: how to keep King Babar from finding out that they've cut a massive birthday statue of him in a nearby mountain. The inexplicable charm of the Babar stories is that they can be read with equal pleasure by kids who have barely heard of Paris and francophile parents.

***Ed Emberley's Drawing Book of Animals*** (Little, Brown, \$2.95) is that all but unheard-of success, a "how-to-draw" book that really works. Nearly everyone would like to be able to sketch a grumpy spider, a smiling octopus, or a porcupine jumping over a stone. Now, it turns out, nearly anyone from the age of five up can do just that, simply by mastering a few graphic shapes—the numbers 1, 2 and 3, ten letters like Y, M and D, plus a few dots and special squiggles. With clear, entertaining verbal instructions, visual examples lead easily from simple dots to scaly dragons. The book is a splendid departure for Emberley, who has previously won readers and prizes for brisk, handsome woodcuts and brief texts on such things as ***The Story of Paul Bunyan*** (1963); ***Yankee***



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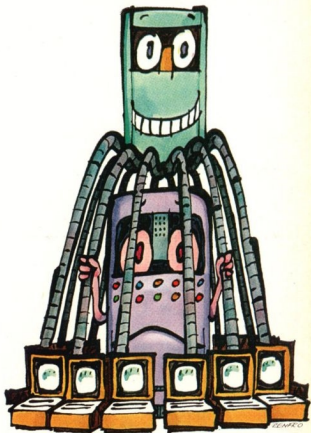
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*Doodle* (1965), which illustrates more verses of that song than there were redcoats at Bunker Hill.

Other notable new children's books include:

*Hi, Cat!* (Macmillan, \$4.50), by Ezra Jack Keats. The author is a white illustrator who specializes in attractive books—neither painful, patronizing nor candy-sweet—about Peter, a little black boy in the slums. The handsomest, called *The Snowy Day* (1962) used ingenious cutout patterns to follow Peter through an inviting all-white world of big drifts, cotton draped trees and wet feet. *Hi, Cat!* is sometimes slapstick-funny, and always bright in telling how an alley cat and a dachshund reduce a street-corner charade to shambles.

*Fish Is Fish* (Pantheon, \$3.95), by Leo Lionni. This book shows off the same pastel shades of watercolor as *Swimmy* (1963) to present a very finny view of the earthbound world (birdfish, cowfish and peoplefish), dreamed up by a minnow as he listens to a frog friend tell stories about life outside the pond. Mainly for fours and under.

*Tell Me a Mitzit* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.95), by Lore Segal, illustrated by Harriet Pincus. Three very real short stories about coping with children in and out of a city apartment. Each one begins: "Once upon a time there was a Mitzit," and they include Preschooler Mitzit, her baby brother Jacob, their parents, even a grandmother in bed with a cold. The illustrations—dumpy Jacob bundled in a snowsuit, red-nosed sick father taking his medicine—are bright, reasonably funny, and only occasionally too grotesque for comfort.

*What's Happening?* (John Day, \$4.50), by Mircea Vasiliu. Doublespread drawings show the life of a small-city neighborhood from dawn to bedtime in Bruegelian detail. The book has



SCULPTING A DOUGH PLANE  
Escape from an edible complex.

no real text. Instead, it simultaneously offers a maze of individual lives and stories, actions and brief bits of dialogue—the shrill alarm clock waking sleepy parents, children dawdling to school, workmen repairing the sewer, even the final bedtime lament of a child, "I want a drink of water."

## Fish in the Brandy Snifter

**RADICAL CHIC AND MAU-MAUING THE FLAK** CATCHERS by Tom Wolfe. 153 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.95.

What Tom Wolfe has done—with a touch of malice and more than a pinch of cheek—is create an appallingly funny, cool, small, deflative two-scene social drama about America's biggest, hottest and most perplexing problem, the confrontation between Black Rage and White Guilt.

Scene I (large portions of it originally printed in a June issue of *New York* magazine) centers on that now famous money-raising party for the Black Panthers given in Conductor Leonard Bernstein's Manhattan apartment last January. For the occasion (*TIME*, Jan. 26), Wolfe coined the phrase "radical chic." He thus described the tendency among bright blooded, moneyed or otherwise distinguished New Yorkers—lately grown weary of plodding, *via media* middle-class institutions like the Media Ball, the U.J.A. and the N.A.A.C.P.—to take up extreme, exotic, earthy and more titillating causes. To hear Wolfe tell it, radical chic lays some deliciously agonizing stresses upon the Beautiful People. How do you dress, for instance—funky or fashionable? And what does a hostess giving a Panther party do about Claude and Maude, her normally indispensable Negro couple?

Ragging the rich is an old, though declining sport. If Wolfe merely ran on like that, he might be dismissed as a frivolous type who has done little more than shoot fish in a brandy snifter. Happily, the gathering—and with it Tom Wolfe's look-homeward-recording-angel prose—soon begins to reflect depths of confusion and true social comedy. There is a remarkable moment when Panther Defense Minister Don Cox talks of police harassment, evoking the Reichstag fire (blacks now, Jews next is the thought), then reads the Declaration of Independence to justify talk about Revolution Now. Eventually Bernstein and Guests Otto Preminger and TV Reporter Barbara Walters, somewhat apologetically and with few results, try to pin down the Panthers about what they really have in mind for the future beyond ghetto breakfasts and the high cost of bail.

Few scenes could better reveal the painfully comic convulsions that beset old-fashioned, dead-serious liberalism in the age of the rip-off, the put-on, and the total acceptance of verbal overkill. Wolfe's Leonard Bernstein is neither a freak nor a fool. Following the sound



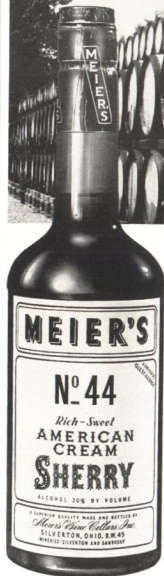
TOM WOLFE

*Adrift among put-ons and rip-offs.*

old American principle of defending civil liberties, wherever threatened, he winds up with the Panthers in his drawing room. Where bail was concerned, their legal rights certainly were threatened. But how is a good Jewish liberal to take a group that cheerfully talks about destroying his society and is, at the very least, linked to gang shakedowns of Jewish merchants in the ghetto and black nationalist propaganda against Israel?

Wolfe's second target is far from Park Avenue—in the ghettos of San Francisco, about which, Wolfe asserts, bureaucrats in the Office of Economic Opportunity "didn't know any more than they did about Zanzibar." As a result, when they wanted to find black leaders to receive OEO grants in 1968, "they sat back and waited for you to come rolling in with your certified angry militants, your guaranteed frustrated ghetto youth, looking like a bunch of wild men." If the bureaucrats got so shook up that "their eyes froze into iceballs . . . they knew you were the right studs to give the poverty grants and community organizing jobs to."

That was "mau-mauing." Chameleoned as usual, and still given to Homeric catalogues and hang-ten metaphors, Wolfe inhabits an imaginary mau-mau character as he gleefully recalls some of the finer techniques. First, aspect: "You go down there with your hair *stickin' out!*" Second, mien: "Don't say nothing. You just glare." Then, tactics—which include bringing along some ringer Samoans who all look ten feet tall. One of Wolfe's master mau-mauers, like some Pied Piper of litterbugs, threatens to devastate city hall at the head of a horde of kids all armed with packages of sticky candy and plenty of wrap-

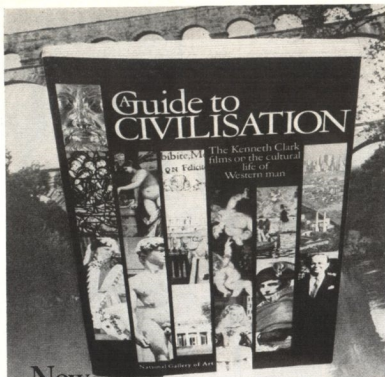


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pers. Another mau-mau Ph.D. didn't even need a gang. He would just turn up at the OEO office with a crocus sack full of "ice picks, switchblades, straight razors, hand grenades and Molotov cocktails and dump it on a desk, claiming he's just taken the stuff off 'my boys last night.'" Concludes Wolfe: "They'd lay money on this man's ghetto youth like it was now or never."

For Wolfe, as for any satirist, manner is matter. To reduce his scenes to message is to miss both his point and his quality. Still, given the high-voltage polarity of the age, Wolfe is already being unfairly abstracted for message and misread something like this: the black movement is a put-on; the poverty program is a feckless giveaway; white liberals are pure patsies. As a result, he will endure not merely the embarrassing approval of the Neanderthals ("You see! you see!") but the threat of stoning at the hands of enraged reformers and black extremists alike. When a *TIME* reporter recently asked a minister of the Panther Party's shadow government about the truthfulness of Wolfe's *Radical Chic* account, the reply was ominous: "You mean that dirty, blatant, lying, racist dog who wrote that fascist disgusting thing in *New York* magazine?"

Wolfe's peculiar blend of artistic omniscience and journalistic detail has often troubled readers who cannot decide where reality leaves off and Wolfe begins. These two pieces are not entirely proof against such doubts. *Radical Chic* frequently goes too far in Wolfe's "Everybody there felt..." generalizations. Still, it is generally so accurate that even some of the irate guests at the Bernsteins later wondered how Wolfe—who in fact used shorthand—managed to smuggle a tape recorder onto the premises. Satire is no way to win friends. If the Panthers ever do take over and Wolfe winds up behind bars, who will want to give a bail party for him?

■ Timothy Foote

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. *Love Story*, Segal (1 last week)
2. *Islands in the Stream*, Hemingway (2)
3. *Rich Man, Poor Man*, Shaw (4)
4. *Crystal Cave*, Stewart (3)
5. *QB VII*, Uris
6. *The Child from the Sea*, Goudge (5)
7. *Passenger to Frankfurt*, Christie (9)
8. *God Is an Englishman*, Delderfield (6)
9. *Caravan to Vaccares*, MacLean
10. *Teitlebaum's Window*, Markfield

#### NONFICTION

1. *The Sensuous Woman*, "J" (1)
2. *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*, Reuben (2)
3. *The Greening of America*, Reich (7)
4. *Future Shock*, Toffler (4)
5. *A White House Diary*, Johnson (8)
6. *Civilisation*, Clark
7. *Papillon*, Charrière (6)
8. *Body Language*, Fast (5)
9. *Crime in America*, Clark
10. *Don't Fall Off the Mountain*, MacLaine (9)



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